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A TALE OF A TELEGRAM.

PART IV.

I HAD minutely inspected every preparation, and I saw that she felt a kind hand had been there. I proposed to her to remain upstairs for the evening; she gladly assented, and I already saw a shade of disappointment in Marguerite's face. It was no wonder; there was an indescribable charm about this lady. It did not consist only in her beauty, though that every moment grew upon my perception, and before I left the room I thought I had never seen such loveliness before, and tried to imagine what its lustrous majesty must have been before a profaning finger had been impressed upon it. Every movement was the perfection of grace and refinement, every word was melodious.

She said she preferred being unattended by Louise, and would make all her own arrangements. "Oh! Miss Armytage," cried Marguerite, "may I stay; I can unpack Mrs. Ross's trunks very well, and help her to dress?" The child's face was turned from her, she slightly shook her head, and I said: "No, dear; Mrs. Ross is tired, and better alone; besides, you surely would not leave your papa; you shall bring up some tea if you wish." This contented her, and I drew her away. We joined Mr. Lydyard.

I need have given myself very little uneasiness as to what I should say, for Marguerite enjoyed an entire monopoly of the discourse. How beautiful she thought Mrs. Ross, how delightful that she had come, how sad she looked, how much Maud would like her, how much she wished Maud would come home. Had Mrs. Ross any children?

"She has had, but years ago," said Mr. Lydyard, with wonderful firmness. "And they are dead, too," said Mag, "and her husband—we must not talk about them though, unless she does to us."

"I wonder if she will ever tell us anything about them? I thought she had children though, papa, by the way she kissed me."

He turned to the window, and remarked that the days were sensibly shorter. Then I sent Marguerite, according to promise, to take Mrs. Ross her tea; she lingered upstairs a long while, leaving her father and me

alone; I heard her voice laughing many times. He did not speak, and held a book between his face and mine. I concluded he feared to begin, lest the sudden entrance of Marguerite should interrupt us. At length, as she gave no signs of returning, he stood up and approached me.

"Grace, have I acted rightly?"

"Heroically, sir."

"Oh, Grace, what a ruin!"

"Be satisfied, peace and pardon can restore ruins."

He spoke no more and left me.

When Louise came to seek Marguerite, I had to send her to Mrs. Ross's room, where she found her apparently as much at her ease with the stranger, the French girl said, as if she had known her all her life. I heard her talking to Louise in ecstasies of admiration all the time she was undressing; and when I made my customary visit to her bedside, she held me round the neck a most unreasonable time while she related all she had talked of to Mrs. Ross, and concluded by saying, as she released me, "I wish she would come and bid me good night also." Then I went gently to the stranger's door—at first I had intended to knock, but as I extended my hand, my ear caught a sound—the voice of a woman, weeping and praying. I turned slowly away—that chamber was holy ground.

In the morning I found her dressed and ready to go down stairs. She was seated by the open window, looking out upon the garden, and towards the trees in the park of Versailles. Her face was, perhaps, paler but calmer and lovelier than before. The snowy hair, smooth and glossy as spun glass, was banded on her forehead, and she wore a close cap of fine lace, of a form such as none but old or elderly women wear in France. Her dress, of soft, lustreless black silk, closely fitted her beautiful form, which retained its slight and elegant proportions, and was terminated at the throat and wrists by frills, of the same lace as that of which her cap was composed. She wore not a single ornament, except upon the third finger of her left hand—a mourning ring. Her hands at once attracted my attention, they were so expressive; small, beautiful, and yet nervous, and strikingly useful looking. The woman who had those hands could do anything a woman had ever done. She rose and stretched out one of them to me as I entered, taking mine in a firm, close, resolute clasp, seconded by the earnest, grateful, beautiful eyes. "Will you come with me?" I said, "breakfast is ready. Mr. Lydyard and Marguerite have come in."

Mr. Lydyard was not in the breakfast-room, but Marguerite was busily engaged in tying up bouquets, composed of the few autumnal flowers which she had found in her morning ramble in the park. She bounded towards us, and kissed us both, Mrs. Ross twice, and expatiating upon there being scarcely any flowers left now, she seated herself between us at the breakfast-table, just as Mr. Lydyard entered. He was very pale for a moment, but perfectly self-possessed in his greeting of me and the stranger. The servants came in and went out of the room constantly, and the conversation between me and Marguerite never flagged. Mr. Lydyard and Mrs. Ross maintained almost unbroken silence. At length, Marguerite ran off to see

if a new piece of music she was expecting had arrived, and on her return the stranger said, "When are the singing lessons to begin, Marguerite?"

"As soon as you wish, ma'am—if Miss Armytage pleases," said the young girl, with a saucy smile, expressive of a comfortable security on that point.

"Surely you have not sufficiently recovered your fatigue, Mrs. Ross," I said; "you must not think of commencing your new duties so soon."

"I am most anxious," she said, hurriedly, and there was a tone of entreaty in her voice I could scarcely bear; "I am better when I am occupied."

"Well, then, any time you please," I replied; "Marguerite's lessons are over at half-past three, and after that hour she will be at liberty."

"May I have my lesson at half-past three, Mrs. Ross? oh, do say yes!" and she made a slight dancing movement, her thirteen years not having far removed her from her childish ways.

"Surely yes, my dear," said her instructress, and kissed her forehead as she spoke. I saw his lip quiver, I saw his breath come short.

"May I show Mrs. Ross the music-room," said Marguerite, "it is such a little room, not like home in Paris you know, it is that little room next papa's study. He can hear me practising, so he will hear my singing-lesson, and get one perhaps too, eh, papa," and she danced up to his chair. He smiled at her, and said, "you little chatterbox, I hope you won't talk all your time away," and then rose as we did. A few minutes after, as we passed his room, I heard Lewis say, as he came out of it, "What hour shall I order the horses, sir?" He replied, "At half-past three."

She did indeed sing exquisitely, the pure sweet solemn notes went straight to the listener's heart. She sang in various styles, and each seemed the most beautiful while one was under its spell. Marguerite listened entranced, and the large tears rolled over her bright face as the singer poured out notes of lamentation and prayer. She stood behind the piano, gazing at the stranger, her whole soul drawn towards her. At length, as the last beautifully-sustained cadence died out, the young girl broke silence.

"Oh, Miss Armytage, if papa could only hear that."

Mrs. Ross said hurriedly, "Now for the lesson;" and Marguerite took her place on the music-stool.

At dinner, Mr. Lydyard told us he was going to Paris on the following day, and asked us with what commissions we would favour him. Marguerite wanted a multitude of things, of which she wrote a list.

"Where are these to be gotten, Mag?" said her father.

"At Vaudry's, in the passage, papa—our own shop."

"Very well, darling. Is anything wanted for Mand, Miss Armytage?"

I replied that I thought not, and he turned courteously to Mrs. Ross, but, no doubt remarking, as I did, the suppressed emotion in her face, did not address her. He left us immediately, and we fell into the usual routine of our daily occupations.

Unobserved, I watched the stranger with intense interest, as she gradually subsided into our home life. Whatever may have been her sufferings and her struggles, she hid them under a mask of calmness, though not of

hardness. The pale, serene face, and sweet sad voice, were quite unchanged, and the gentle winning manner charmed all with whom she came in contact. She was always occupied, never can I recall an interval in which she was not busily employed. By degrees Marguerite became almost her shadow, yet there was no diminution in the girl's affection for me; I can say nothing of myself during this period, I had a solemn duty to perform, and I trust I fulfilled it aright. We were constant, though frequently silent companions, and she soon began to take many of my duties upon herself, as regarded the education of Marguerite; as for the affairs of the household, after one or two failures, I quite relinquished the attempt to associate her in my arrangements; she never seemed to notice them, or respond to any effort I made to give her authority or influence. I never observed in anyone, the same indifference to externals, or an equal simplicity of habits, at the same time, she was perfectly ladylike, highly refined, and quite inartificial. She understood the extreme enjoyment we derived from her singing, and frequently indulged us with it, but she never sang except to Marguerite and me, nor indeed appeared to strangers at all. I had not made any observation upon this, but Marguerite did, and seemed so much disappointed that others should not see the object of her admiration, that I felt obliged to remind her that Mrs. Ross had had many afflictions, and had now no taste for the world.

"She never tells me anything about herself, though she lets me talk for hours about papa, and Maud, and you. I should like to hear about her husband and children, but she never speaks of them. I suppose no one does who grieves very much. Papa never speaks of our mamma, I wish he would, and I do wish we had a picture of her. It seems so strange to Maud and me, that when we are so rich, and papa has such beautiful things in his house, he has no picture of mamma, not even at Lydyard Hall, in England, for Maud says she asked Aunt Hauton. We have nothing that belonged to her but one book, that Maud found one day in nurse's room. It was just before we were ill, and you know we never saw dear old nurse again, and she never knew we had it."

"What book is it, Marguerite?" said I.

"I will show it to you," she replied, and left the room. Presently she returned with a small volume in her hand, bound in green and gold. It was an Italian edition of Tasso's "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," and in the front was pasted the Lydyard coat of arms, with the motto, "*Che sara sara*," under which was written, in Mr. Lydyard's hand, "*Alla mia carissima sposa*." I was looking sadly at the little volume, when I heard Mrs. Ross's step, and hastily putting it in a drawer, talked of something else.

Later in the day I gave the book to Marguerite, and asked her casually "if she ever spoke to Mrs. Ross of her mother?" She said no; when she had done so once it seemed to grieve her so much—perhaps by making her too think of the dead—that she never spoke of her again. She had told Mrs. Ross that there was no picture of her mother anywhere, and she finished by saying, "Do you know, I often imagine mamma's face, quite out

of my own mind, you know, as I have nothing to help me; and now I always see her in my mind like Mrs. Ross." I mused upon this speech of Marguerite after she left me. How I loved those children, and assuredly they loved me, I never doubted *that*; but they had never associated *me* with any idea of their mother. Why was this? Perhaps, because they would naturally fancy their mother beautiful, and I am very plain. Yet no—this might hold good at their present age, with their instructed taste, but not when they were little children, then a child's love makes beauty to its perception in its object. No, the reason had a deeper spring, even in that wondrous law of God, which all must reverence, and whose perfection all must admire.

Mr. Lydyard had been with us again for about a week, when Maud wrote, saying her aunt found coming to France impossible. The general's health had been very feeble of late, and she could not leave home; especially as her eldest son had just joined his regiment, and the double deprivation would be too much for her husband. Mrs. Hauton wished Maud's visit prolonged, but she did not herself express any inclination to stay longer away from home.

When he had read the letter aloud, Mr. Lydyard was assailed by Marguerite's clamorous entreaties that he would not listen to Maud's remaining longer away. She poured out a torrent of reasons why it was imperatively necessary that she should return at once, and wound up with an impetuous climax of—"and she must really come, papa, because she has never seen Mrs. Ross." She was standing by the pale lady as she spoke, and concluded her sentence by kissing her vehemently. I kept my eyes down, I dared not, I had not strength to look at either him or her. Marguerite would not permit my neutrality. She appealed to me—"Must she not come at once?" I had to raise my eyes, and what an entreaty I saw in those fixed upon me! "Indeed, I think she must return," I said; "I should like her to spend a week or two here before we go back to Paris." "Then, she shall return, since you all wish it," he replied, and he looked steadily at Mrs. Ross. "I will go for her myself and bring her back at once." Now mind you do, papa—don't let Aunt Hauton keep you there more than one day."

A letter announcing his arrival having been sent to Maud, Mr. Lydyard went to England two days later, and we expected the return of both by the end of the week. I watched Mrs. Ross narrowly, but unperceived. She was far from being so composed as she had been; there was occasionally a nervous hurry in her manner, a wan anxiety in her eye, and a tremulousness in her voice, all of which I noticed with uneasiness. I made it a point to be as much with her as possible, and found that she clung to my presence. We remained together ordinarily till late at night, and I remarked a peculiar difference in her spirits from the commencement of the evening, also in her appearance; the deep black eyes brightened, and the streak of colour spread and deepened in the still rounded cheek.

Among other preparations for Maud's return, Marguerite had set out her easel, drawing-table, colour boxes, &c., and had questioned Mrs.

Ross closely upon her styles of painting and drawing, and asked her if she might see some of her drawings. "I have not any, my dear," said Mrs. Ross; "it is a long time since I painted anything. But I will take your likeness and Miss Armytage's, if you like; formerly I painted miniatures very well." "Oh, how delightful, but you must wait till Maud comes, and paint her too. Three figures in a painting look much better than one. Once we had our likenesses taken There was no chance of stopping Mag—I saw it was inevitable, the story of the picture, and in all probability of the carriage which frightened nurse, and most likely of "the black horse that pranced," would certainly come out. Mrs. Ross would be better alone I thought, and went abruptly away. When I saw her after some hours, her face bore the marks of weeping.

Marguerite told me, apologetically, that she had been talking about the picture done at Lesellier's, and proposing to ask her papa to show it to Mrs. Ross. "I wonder where he keeps it, he never leaves it about anywhere," said she, parenthetically; "and then I told her about nurse, and she cried very much, but said she liked to hear it, perhaps her children had a faithful nurse, too."

"No doubt of it, my darling; but we must try not to agitate her, for I don't think her very strong."

At length they arrived. Marguerite, Mrs. Ross, and I met them, at the door. I drew her arm through mine, as the carriage came rapidly up; Maud sprang out instantly, and clasped Marguerite in her arms and then me. "Maud, Mrs. Ross is here," cried Mag, and I presented my elder pupil. With all the timid grace that was so much her own, and with an improved manner, she curtsied to the strange lady, who stood quite still, pale, and speechless, an expression of such dreadful anguish in her face, that I was forced to interfere. I took Maud's hand, drew her towards Mrs. Ross, and saying, "You must be as good friends as she and Marguerite," placed it within the stranger's. She seemed recalled to self-command by the touch, and kissed Maud's broad fair brow with calmness. Some minutes of joyous confusion followed, amid which she escaped to her own apartment. Maud was changed, but grown more beautiful and graceful, with her advance towards womanhood. She was tall for her age, and slighter than consorted with perfect beauty, perhaps, but I did not apprehend the continuance of that defect. She retained all the exquisite delicacy of feature, which had made her childhood so beautiful, and had acquired the transient bloom of early womanhood.

As was natural and becoming at her age, Maud was more reserved than Marguerite, and attached herself to Mrs. Ross more slowly. The attraction was, however, as sure as it was slow, less demonstrative than that of Marguerite, her affection was, if possible, more profound, it was certainly more absorbing and more watchful.

While there was not the least decrease in her love for me, or her confidence in me, I perceived day by day that the tie between her and the strange lady was strengthening. Every thought and impulse of Maud's heart, every spring in her nature was open to her.

There are few salient points in my remembrance of this time, which, in appearance at least, passed tranquilly away. We had returned to Paris almost immediately after Maud's return, and saw less of Mr. Lydyard than ever. From his custom of walking with the girls in the morning he never departed, and I felt satisfied that all we did had his silent approval. In his manner to us there was always a perfect friendly courtesy, and an unvarying deference. But I never felt so far from him since I had arrived at his house. Tacit consent had been given to the silence between us—it was better so. I cannot pretend that I acquiesced altogether with my will in this. He was the subject of my constant speculations, and the object of painful interest to me. Was he happier, more tranquil, had he found peace? I could not determine. His habit of seclusion had increased, no doubt, but he remained more constantly at home. From my room I marked the lamp in the library night after night, and sometimes I saw by the sudden obstruction of the light that he was walking to and fro.

Maud was devoted to her painting, and pursued the art unremittingly. While she painted we read alternately, or Marguerite and Mrs. Ross sang. Mr. Lydyard always heard the sisters play in the evening, and frequently Marguerite sang to him. Once she was very anxious he should hear her sing a duet with her instructress, but, with some hurry of manner, Mrs. Ross excused herself. She said it fatigued her too much to sing in the evening. Marguerite gave up the point at once. I called her to the piano. I saw Maud's sweet eyes fixed upon the lady's face, with such solicitous love as stirred my heart. That face was flushed and restless all the while that she remained in the room.

The picture was finished. It represented a group, of which mine formed the central figure, the girls the other two. It was completed on the 20th December, and presented by Mrs. Ross to Marguerite. The delight of both sisters was beyond measure, and immensely enhanced by the coincidence that it was given to Mag on her birthday. She told Mrs. Ross with great exultation that such was the case, and added that her papa never liked people to notice birthdays, so they had never had any special birthday gifts.

That day Mrs. Ross did not dine with us, or appear at all during the evening. Mr. Lydyard seemed unquiet I thought, in consequence, yet he asked no question, and I felt so sure that the children would enlighten him that I refrained from any remark. As I expected, they did so, and claimed his admiration of the painting. He accorded it very freely, but soon went away to the library. When I was in my room that night, I heard a tap at the door, and opening it, saw him standing outside.

"Will you come with me for a few minutes?" he said. I at once complied, and we went to the library together. He advanced to the table in the window, opened a drawer, and took out a morocco case. I had seen it before—years before—when, for the first time, I had seen a little deeper than the surface into his life. The very scents and sounds of that summer night came round me at the instant.

He opened the case, and laid it before me on the table. It contained

the picture of a very young woman, in a white, loose dress, with a profusion of splendid jet black hair falling all round her, lying in heaps upon the figure of a sleeping child on her lap, and through the meshes of which, another beautiful baby face at her side was peeping. The children's faces were exquisitely lovely, but oh, the mother's! The glorious beauty of feature, of colour, and expression, the radiant love light, the unutterable holy charm. Tears rushed into my eyes, emotion choked me. I covered my eyes with my hands, and sobbed aloud. I heard him replace the picture in the drawer and lock it. Then he said—"The fair right hand which painted that has in no wise lost its cunning, but of the face no trace is left in all this empty world."

I answered only with my tears.

"How is it with her, Grace, is she well and happy?"

"If not happy, sir, calm and resigned, but I fear not well."

"My absence would be better. I am sure I am a torment to her. I will go. Does she ever mention my name in any way?" "Never, sir."

"Good night, Grace." "Good night, sir."

He placed a light in my hand, and opened the door for me, but he did not pass the threshold, and before I had gone out of hearing his troubled walk up and down before the windows had commenced.

I felt very anxious as to what would be Mr. Lydyard's resolution. I was not sorry that he had decided on leaving home, but his decision was made for *her* sake, and my approval was for his own. About a fortnight after he and I had had this brief midnight conversation, and while the weather was very severe, for it was now January, and the cold was intense, the afternoon post brought a letter for Mr. Lydyard, from his sister, containing intelligence of General Hanton's illness.

Mrs. Hanton wrote, "If you can overcome your repugnance to London, my dear brother, for my sake, come to me." Maud was much distressed as this news, and I could see a struggle in her mind, between her feeling that she might be useful to her aunt, if she, too, went, and a strong disinclination to leave home. There was a postscript to the letter—"Tell my dear Maud not to come to me *yet*." Her face cleared, she was evidently relieved.

He told us he would leave home in three days, and during that time kept the girls constantly with him. There was something in his manner of softened and intensified affection, which presaged a lengthened absence. An hour before he went away he spoke to me—

"Grace, I shall remain away some time; it is best. Be careful of her; you are right, there is no health there. She will be at rest when I am not here. And now ask her to come to me for a moment." I went to her—"Mr. Lydyard wishes to speak to you, will you come to him?" She rose, coloured, turned white, sat down, and looked at me helplessly. "Come," I said, "make one effort, he is going away." She came with me unresistingly. I led her into the library, saw her stand before him, her dark eyes raised to his, her cheek burning, and her hands nervously clasping each other.

In his face were ineffable gentleness and pity—the next moment I had closed the door, and left them alone for the first time, even for a moment, since the autumn day when she came to us at Versailles. I stood at the end of the corridor, apprehending some accidental interruption. I could not hear any sound from where I stood, and my mind was strangely troubled. This interview had an awful final meaning to me. About half an hour had elapsed; I heard the carriage coming round, and the children's voices, as they opened the school-room door. The library door unclosed, and he came out; as he passed me, he said: "Go to her, Grace." I went quickly; she was leaning forward from her chair; her hands were raised, and forced together, so that the fingers were blanched with the pressure. Her gaze was fixed on the door, her lips parted slightly. As I glanced at her in some alarm, it struck me instantly that there was a likeness between her face and another very familiar to me. At the same moment my eye caught the explanation. Just above her chair hung the copy of the Beatrice Cenci. Through all the difference of age and complexion shone the similarity—and now I saw why that painting, and only that, had been the silent witness of the long struggle of Mr. Lydyard's lonely life.

Our life was very quiet and uneventful. Mr. Lydyard wrote frequently to Maud; the general's health did not decline so rapidly as had been apprehended, and Mrs. Hanton was more cheerful. She talked of Maud's "coming out" the ensuing year; and Mr. Lydyard mentioned that the tenancy of Lydyard Hall would then have expired, and that his family were urging him to resume its occupation. He had not come to any decision on that point. The spring was cold, and Mrs. Ross was so delicate that she seldom left the house, and now habitually occupied the library. When we came in, we always found her there, sometimes reading, sometimes working, sometimes busy with her pencil. I fancied she was happier there, more tranquil—she always sat where I had seen her on the day Mr. Lydyard went away, and I often saw her pause in her occupation, and fix her soft, deep eyes upon the door, as she had fixed them that day, and then her face and that in the picture wore the same expression.

The girls were constantly with her. I told him this in my letters, and he said he rejoiced to know it. Day by day the beauty of her mind, the radiance of her talents, the noble trustfulness of her piety, made her dearer and dearer to us. When summer reigned in the beautiful city, she grew a little stronger, and then she liked to drive out into the country. For the first time I was at ease about her health. During the summer, we had several friends staying with us, at different times, and then Mrs. Ross and I were more alone. We spoke much of Maud and Marguerite, their prospects for the future, their temper and disposition; she never tired of hearing anecdotes of the early period of my residence with them; she spoke of my own uneventful history, of everything save her past life and Mr. Lydyard—these topics she never touched upon. She still sang with Marguerite, and taught Maud painting, in which she had already reached great proficiency. She constantly spoke of different schools of Art, in a manner which showed me she was familiar with all that is best worth seeing in Europe.

One day, while Maud was painting and she stood by the easel, the conversation turned upon the subject of her pencil—an Italian scene of mingled beauty and ruin—she began to repeat, almost inadvertently, Filicaja's lines on Italy—she threw such pathos into her recitation, that it arrested our attention, and held us spell-bound. "How beautiful your Italian accent is, like all you do, and say, and look," said Maud. "I am almost an Italian, Maud; my mother was a Tuscan, and I was born in Italy, and lived there many years. I could speak very little English when I was your age."

"Yet you speak it beautifully, now," she said; "who taught you?"

The crimson tide stained her cheeks, and brow, and throat, dyed her very finger tips, then receded, and left her marble white.

It was quite a minute—one of agony to me, before she answered: "A dear friend, Maud, whom I lost years ago."

Some days afterwards, Maud asked Mrs. Ross to read some Italian book to her, while she painted. I was working, and joined eagerly in the request. Marguerite slipped out of the room, hardly noticed by me. I was looking rather anxiously at Mrs. Ross; she was feebler I thought, than usual, and seemed weary—she was seated in her accustomed place, and her eyes had been fixed upon the door. The windows were quite open, and the garden was in all its bloom. But she never forsook the position which turned her from the air and sunshine. I was still looking at her, when Marguerite entered and came towards her. It was too late to interrupt her, and the child put into Mrs. Ross's hands a small volume bound in green and gold.

"Read some of that for us," she said; "we love it better than all our books, because we are sure that at some time or another, it has been in dear mamma's hands, and we cannot *know* that of the others; nurse kept this always." Terror held me motionless; I gazed at her with a quaking heart, as she looked into Marguerite's eyes, and with a deep sigh, fell back insensible. Maud was terrified. I found it difficult to reassure them, to convince her especially, that the swoon was not death. We called the servants, carried her into the verandah, and sprinkled her with essences and water. The insensibility lasted a long time, but at length she opened her eyes. Her head was lying on Maud's arm; the girl's pale face, down which unheeded tears were streaming, was bent over her, while Marguerite, trembling and sobbing, stood at the other side, she murmured, in a low tone, "*Il libro, questo libro, questo giorno.*" The girls' agitation prevented their hearing the words, but I caught their sound. When she had rallied sufficiently, we took her to her room, and I sent for a physician. He seemed puzzled, talked of some shock to the nervous system, of previous debility, of the necessity of absolute quiet, prescribed, and departed. It was many days before she left her room again, and when she did, I saw that a mark once seen and recognised, never to be mistaken, had been set upon her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS: PROFESSORS AND COLLEGE-DAYS.

THE sun shines pleasantly on the "fair hills of Holy Ireland," and never does it beam with more alluring radiance upon this green gem of the billowy sea, than when we stand on the ship that bears us away from it, and rassy plain and heathery mountain sink down, glorified by the sun and an exile's love, beneath the blue waters. Ah me! well might Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, sing that touching farewell, when addressing the "pleasant land of France, the cradle of her happy youth," she said that "the barque which severs our loves, bears but the half of me; the other is thine, with thee it dwells for ever!"

But the sun mingles little sadness with his rays when he lights on his way, not the forlorn emigrant, but the youth who seeks "the land that yields the olive and the vine," for the acquisition of learning, and with the sure hope of a return. Once the few natural tears are over, which parting causes youth, and manhood, too, (not seldom, I hope,) he enjoys the novel scenes, the enlivening bustle, and "yeo—heave—ho," at the anchor, the moving shores, houses, woods, and fields, as the boat gradually advances from slow to quick motion, gives signs of life beneath the feet, and leaves behind a long and broadening track of foam.

What an impression it makes upon the mind, the first voyage! The sensations are altogether changed; moving life beneath us and around, holding our existence at the mercy of its caprices; boundless space, far as the eye can see, its magnitude made but more impressive by the speck of some far vessel; sea and sky appearing to meet and mingle on every side—contemplating these things the soul seems to expand, and obtain some faint conception of Infinity and Eternity.

But soon, the young voyager, if he have not nerves of iron, feels conscious that the poetry of ocean life, charming as it may be, has a certain cadence which does not, alas! make him at all drowsy. Yet, he feels it would be better for him to betake himself speedily to his berth. Anywhere, anywhere, to escape his eternal motion, which leaves the nerves no moment of rest. Then, if he have a shrewd or experienced friend, he does not seek for repose at either extremity of the ship, but in the golden middle. What is sea-sickness, and what its cure? These are questions asked, perhaps, at least once every five minutes, daily and nightly; if we take into account the vast number who sail the seas now-a-day, I think the calculation will not seem enormous. But what is the cause of sea-sickness? The question has often been answered, but—unsatisfactorily! Of course, every one could say that the rocking of the vessel caused it—but how? then the replies diverged and got contradictory and confused. Naturally, so did the remedies. Some recommend eating, some fasting, some drinking, some abstaining, some fat pork, and some Monte Video beef, which, Heaven knows! is lean enough. Some, more wisely, recommend a careful dose of Chloroform, and some tight lacing—which is, by no means, a bad plan.

An Irishman has certainly the merit of having demonstrated the reason

of sea-sickness. Mr. John Osborne, formerly of Cork, and since of Melbourne, who discovered the photo-lithographic process, (a process similar but superior to the photo-zincography, which was discovered by Colonel James, in England, some months later,) on his return from Melbourne, constructed, during the voyage, certain instruments to measure and register the force of the various movements of the vessel. These revealed, very distinctly, the disturbance to which pendulous organs in the body, such as the heart and liver, are subjected. The late meeting of the British Association at Cambridge enjoyed an elaborate paper upon the subject.

But, the subject is by no means so agreeable as to make one wish to dwell on it. So, glad is the heart when land is sighted at length, and the boat steams into the harbour of Dieppe, Boulogne, Calais, or Cherbourg, as the case may be. You remark at once the Celtic features of those trimly dressed females, who nimbly enter the boat, and bear off, to the Custom-house, your lighter packages. Their features are Irish enough, but in what part of Ireland will you see women all comfortably clad in garments becoming their station, short skirts, displaying their blue stockings and comely shoes, not to speak of those snow-white and sometimes very tall head-dresses, which but half conceal the long gold ear-rings, that are heir-looms in the poorest peasant's family in France? None, indeed, none! The Custom-house, if you know a little French, and avoid various obliging agents who would much desire to air their broken English in your service, is not the bugbear that travellers usually make it. Passports are now abolished, and if you conceal no contraband goods, your mind feels quite at rest, for the system is very methodical: you have no fear of anything going astray; and the officers are most obliging. To be sure, I have seen a gentleman regarded with singular suspicion, and compelled to open his coat and vest, in order to prove that there was nothing contraband swathed around him. In his case, certainly, they made the important discovery that his undue size was simply—fat! He came out of the examination with a smile—such a smile as you observe on a man who, by his awkwardness, has put himself into a position to be run over, and by a bare chance escapes his merited fate. Yet, when he escapes, he looks round with a smirk, which is half self-gratulation, half-apologetic, and, on the whole, silly.

You take your ticket for Paris, and do the same with regard to your luggage, and need trouble yourself about neither until you reach the capital. *La France, La Patrie Le Moniteur, Le Siècle* announce to you that a generous press will supply you with reading material during your voyage. Comic periodicals bring you up to the latest touch of satire, with which the wits of France remorselessly dissect their neighbours and themselves. The German comes in to be smitten, the Russian does not escape, but the favourite butt is, assuredly, John Bull. It may be a very improper feeling, of course, but an Irishman, whose country is an everlasting prey to the beery buffoons of English hunch-backed "wit," is conscious of much enjoyment when well-directed laceration displays them, *in puris naturalibus*, laying them open to the ridicule of the world. With *La France, Le Charivari*, a book, and a cup of chocolate, you manage to pass the

time, and space intervening between your landing place and Paris. It is, perhaps, as striking to be cast among a people speaking a foreign language, as it is to make a first voyage. And rarely does the traveller, for the first time, not feel a certain amount of irrational surprise and amazement at hearing little children speak with ease, the tongue he has learned with so much difficulty! Through the railway windows—there are writers who complain that thus you can see nothing, but do not believe them. The coach was good, good was the undiligent *Diligence*—for those whose eyes moved slowly, like those of browsing kine; not but that going up hill and down dale, under the trees, and by the river's side, had its charms, nevertheless, the rapid change of scene, through the railway casements, has its own delights; and pleasant is that changing scene as you proceed to Paris. Green, level fields, slow-winding rivers, hedged by long rows of the prim poplar, pleasant cottages, and happy peasants, labouring upon their own properties, small though they be, please the mind not less than the eye. There is no jar, therefore, between the picturesque scenes and unfortunate dwellers therein; man is to be considered in all such places; dreary is the fairest, if the "image of God" be wretched, disappearing, or absent.

When you arrive at Paris you need not hunt after your luggage, nor are you allowed. You are detained in a large hall; name after name is called from the labels on the luggage; and so there is a clear stage and no favour. The visitor to Paris has many an hotel to choose from; he may take a magnificent suite of apartments in a magnificent hotel, and dine—with the Emperor, if he can. Or he may be less superbly lodged, and still behold the gilded arrows of the railings of Tuilleries' gardens, and dine at the *Palais Royal*, for any sum from a shilling upwards. But, if he intend to be a student, he had better leave as soon as possible the south bank of the Seine; its splendid boulevards, with their double rows of trees, its palace-gardens and Louvre picture-galleries, open to all; its Operas, Theatres, Elysian fields, Palace of Industry, and fairy scenes of the Bois de Boulogne of our days. Those, indeed, and much else, he will do well to see. Nor should he forget to visit Versailles, that noble palace of Louis, the "Grand monarch," with its magnificent picture-galleries, splendid terraces, formal grounds and alleys of ancient trees, trimmed and shaven, indeed, but not without a certain grand and imposing beauty, well-consonant with the royal pile itself. Through those courts and gardens there passed many a time, of old, gallant men who had achieved the highest honours, won laurels among the bravest, flashed their bright weapons under many suns and in many climes, but might never see their own. Stars of European chivalry, eminent in statesmanship, not less than in marshal prowess, the exiled Irish, need we say it? have attained the highest rank (save that of sovereignty) in almost every country in the world. In many churches and graveyards in and around Paris, memorials of Irish and Scotch exiles may be found. Here is a tablet to a Douglas, there a tomb inscribed with a Crawford's name, officers of the Scots' guards; at St. Germain lies a king, dethroned because he proclaimed toleration to Dissenters, whilst

in the land of his sovereignty Dissenters unite with Orangemen to drink perdition to his memory; the unfortunate James II., a well-meaning king, though a bad general. In *Père la Chaise*, that great City of the Dead, not far from the tomb of the notorious Emmanuel Godoy, Spanish "Prince of Peace," rises the sepulchral monument of Don José Murphy, grandee of Spain; in another place you will come upon a grave without a name, but the last wish of whose silent tenant is sculptured in the form of a harp and wreath of shamrocks—touching testimony of an exile's love.

But leaving the gaieties and sorrows of Paris, after a visit to its manufactories at Sevres, or at the Gobelins, it were well to proceed speedily to the "Quartier Latin," or old Latin Quarter, where students most do congregate; there you see the blond-haired German, the eagle-faced Spaniard, the lissome Italian, the merry French and Irish men. Should the visitor intend to take out his "inscriptions" as a student of medicine, he takes a room in the Latin Quarter, and, more or less diligently, pursues his course at the hospital, lectures, and *Jardin des Plantes*, diversifying his studies by a contemplation of man in the Gardens of the Luxembourg, and relaxing his over-strained brain by attendance at a ball somewhere in the evening, perhaps in his own apartments. But the examiners are not to be evaded in Paris; they are pretty severe, and exact the knowledge of a good many subjects.

It is a singular enough fact, that almost all of the teachers of English in Paris are Irishmen. They suit the land better than the rigid and antipathetic Englishman. Few of them originally aimed at this as their profession, however; many of them came as students of medicine, and either broke down in their examinations or in their exchequer, and adopted a course which promised speedier returns. But to become a professor of modern languages in any of the state colleges or lyceums in France, it is necessary for the candidate to undergo a severe test. A description of it here may not be out of place. Such a professor must have a diploma from the celebrated University of the Sorbonne. Within its halls every year a concursus is held, at which seven or eight candidates generally succeed in getting the desired recognition. The concursus is open to the public, and generally the public avails itself of the opening by delegating a few volunteers, old men who fight their battles over again, young men who wish to learn the fence, and perhaps one or two friends of the candidates. The candidate must, in the first place, show that he is a Bachelor of Sciences, or Letters; then he enters the presence of the judges. The first tests are in translation from one language to another, and *vice versâ*; then a composition on some literary subject; these occupy five hours, and are pursued under inspection. If you pass, you are declared "admissible," and one week after, the concursus begins in reality. The first *épreuve* or test takes place thus: Two of the candidates are placed opposite one another, for an "argumentation." Each in his turn examines the other, in presence of the judges, on literary subjects and on the principal writers in the different languages, &c. The last test is named "*La Leçon orale*," and for half an hour the candidate has to speak upon a grammatical subject,

and for another half-hour give satisfactory replies to the questions of one of the judges. The names of the successful candidates are published in the *Moniteur*. Naturally, Frenchmen knowing foreign languages have many advantages in these examinations, and at least one half of the professors of English in the colleges and lyceums of Paris are Frenchmen. A Frenchman, too, *cæteris paribus*, would be preferred in an appointment. But do not think that when you have passed the examination you can choose your college. Unless you have gone through, first-class, your place on the list may assure you only a position in some provincial college, where you may have to remain for years, until superior vacancies occur. The salaries vary from £100 to £150, or sometimes £180, which is not a despicable sum in France.

A cabriolet conducts us out of the ceaseless stir of Paris, through customs' gates and the great wall, along a road bordered with a few chest-nuts, and paved in the centre with the block-pavement of our streets. It rolls on, no matter how many miles—only they are not very numerous. The great bell of Notre Dame is heard on fine evenings at the place where we descend, and, like distant thunders, the boom of cannon came from the barricaded streets in the days of the *coup d'état*, to this quiet college. We ring the bell, and the vehicle runs in beneath the view of the *concierger* or porter, who sits in his little lodge pursuing his trade of tailor. Almost every porter has his trade in France. The castellated buildings on either side bear an historic name—a name noted in the days of Louis XIV.—for here stands the *Chateau La Vallière*. We are introduced to the president, a venerable old priest, with white hair, quick dark eye, bronzed face, long black soutane, and the little round *calotte*, or skull-cap, worn by every French priest, on account of the tonsure, which looks becomingly enough, especially on gray hair. The halls and saloons of the old *Chateau* remind one of their former splendor: carved wood-work, painted ceilings, rich mouldings, and polished oaken floors, combine with stately dimensions to impress the visitor agreeably.

The season is late in summer; the vacations have already commenced, only a few professors and ushers remain, and a few students. The latter are diminishing daily. Some, however, will remain all the vacation through; they are principally the juniors, whose parents live too far away to come for them frequently. In the meantime, we are under no restraint. A senior student from South America, and one, say, from Guadaloupe, in the West Indies, remain, and together we dine, during the vacations, with the president and professors. It is not difficult to be at your ease among Frenchmen; they have but little stiffness and reserve, their manners are frank and amiable, and if you take care to point out that you are an Irishman, not an Englishman, they will be cordial as you can desire.

Passing from the Chateau (one wing of which serves for a junior school), you traverse the grounds, planted with acacias, apricots, plum, and fig-trees, with, along the walls, a plentiful supply of vines. Vegetables, too, are grown here, principally, salads, lettuce, chicory, sorrels, and the like, which Frenchmen love; but these, with melons, pumpkins, peaches,

and other vegetables and fruits are chiefly relegated to the large kitchen garden, which lies more out of the visitor's way. Here flowers are chiefly cultivated, and serve to decorate on festival days the shrine in the little chapel of the college, which preserves some relics of a martyr-saint. Whenever his feast comes round, the shrine, brought reverently out of the chapel, is borne by the students in procession around the grounds; the priests preceding, with the acolytes, chanting hymns, to which responses are repeated by the long array. Such scenes are very impressive, and not less so are the ceremonies of the *Fête Dieu*, or Corpus Christi, when the altar is erected in the open air, under the wide-spreading boughs of some chestnut, and is decorated with the choicest of nature's floral offerings. It is a solemn and pleasing scene, when, with all the dignity with which mortals can surround it, the holy Sacrifice is offered up, in the midst of kneeling youth, under the serene blue heavens.

Having penetrated a few yards you come to the main building of the college; in the centre resides the president and several of the professors; the right wing includes the refectory, and a study-hall, class-rooms, chapel; on the second story, dormitory, and servants' apartments. The left wing is divided into a study-hall, class-rooms, and dormitories. A corridor unites the two wings with the refectory, where the students of both assemble at meal times. Before each wing is a large court yard, walled round, where the students play during recreation, except in wet weather; in summer they proceed to "the grove," where, by the way, a nightingale has her nest, upon the ground, under a hawthorn. Beside this grove there stands a large house, which is now the English or Commercial school, where the classics are not taught, but where the boys are specially prepared for commercial life. This is an arrangement which might occasionally be imitated here with some advantage. But that house was not always devoted to the instruction of unclassical youth. It is called the *Maison Gall*, or the house of Gall, whose fame as a phrenologist, and one of the first founders of the "science," has, no doubt, reached the reader. Perhaps it was by way of a jest, pointed with a touch of malice, but those who succeeded Gall used to relate that he was accustomed to select his servants phrenologically. He tested them by their bumps, but (so they say), after having made the acquisition of a servant, phrenologically perfect, found one fine morning that he had disappeared, bumps and—silver spoons!

In this grove were several railed-off divisions for the various schools in the college. In each was a swing, a *cheval*, or some other gymnastic implement, whilst one space was specially fitted up as a gymnasium. Through all gymnastic exercises each class, under the care and guidance of a competent professor, was made to go. And few things were pleasanter to us, after hard study, than marching out through the hot sun to the grove, to disperse under the green canopy of the leafy horse-chestnuts, and then to climb, leap, swing, and exercise our muscles in a charming and scientific manner.

No college should be without a gymnasium; it is a fount of health,

not only for the time being, but for after life. The nerves are strengthened, the muscles developed, and the poring student prevented from becoming a languid book-worm. The increase in vital force and energy it gives is not a consideration to be overlooked without producing serious short-comings.

Some of the students, as we passed the first time through one of the courts, were singing a sort of song or chant, which corresponds with the vacation song of English schools, entitled "*Domum, Dulce Domum*," or "*Home, sweet Home*." There may be other and superior vacation-songs, used in France. I give but what I heard. The odd mixture of Latin and French produces an amusing effect: in singing, the French lads accented the last Latin word of each line on its last syllable.

"Vivent les Vacances
Denique tandem,
Et les penitences
Habebunt finem.
A bas la clochette
Voce sinistrâ,
Qui, sans cesse, repete
Piger, laborâ.
Ces pions intraitables,
Vultu barbaro,
S'en iront au diable
Gaudio nostro!"

"Pions," it may be explained to those not accustomed to students' French, is used to designate their mortal enemy (when idling)—the usher.

It was not difficult to pass the vacation time. The new sensations, scene, sky, people, and position charmed away the laggard hour. The grapes, too, were decidedly of good stock; nor were the apricots, peaches, and plums locked up by impregnable ramparts, in the vacation time. It was pleasant to make an occasional excursion to Paris, or through the surrounding country; pleasant to make a practical friend of that chivalrous language, which contains many a brilliant gem in its polished casket. The blue skies and invigorating air had their charms; and in the evenings, calm and peaceful, it was sweet, when the Angelus chimed, to accompany the aged priest in his walk, and with bared heads, give praise to the Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier of men.

But, the vacation once over, the day was not allowed to pass in dreaming or in idle pleasure; a busy pleasure was its, no doubt.

Fancy a spacious dormitory, with windows looking into the grounds, and admitting, on summer nights, the sweet song of the nightingale. Three rows of iron-beds reach from end to end: those sleeping in the centre row are peculiarly subject to falling out with the light wool-mattress on the top of them, when a vacation is approaching, and a practical joke may be perpetrated without much fear of heavy punishment. Some mornings, the whole dormitory has been known to awake, with multitudinous

pairs of burnt cork moustaches, none larger than those of the perpetrator. The terrific usher, who, as well as a night wick, keeps slumbering guard in the room, rubbing his eyes, looked sternly around on the rebellious lips. But, his frowns evoked a roar of laughter, for he himself was hideously adorned with the unsparing cork. It was vacation morning! At five in summer, six in winter, the college bell, (in the state colleges a drum is used,) gives a rapid note of warning. The usher says aloud, "*Benedicamus Domino*:" "Let us bless the Lord;" the students awaking, answer: "*Deo gratias*:" "Thanks be to God." In one moment's time, the bell rings again, and each student must spring out of bed, and haste to the lavatory, at the end of the sleeping-hall. Nine minutes after, the bell gives warning, and the students must fall into rank, and be ready to march, at the second bell, which makes but a minute's delay. Short prayers in Latin and French are said in the study-hall, and the students, opening their desks, con over the lessons of the evening before, by heart, and, if they have time, they revise their Latin, Greek, French, English, or German compositions. At seven, each class leaves the study-hall of its division for its own class-room, and there, the lessons, got by heart, in the various languages are repeated. A great deal is thus learned by rote, and at the term examinations, at Christmas, Easter, and the end of the vacation, several books of Virgil, (for instance,) and other authors, can be repeated. In the term-examinations, a line is given out anywhere in those works, and it must be "capped" at once by several lines. At half-past seven this is over, and the students, being drawn up in double row, an attendant with a basket of rolls passes among them, each taking one for his lunch; some go to the refectory for a cup of milk, coffee, chocolate, or a cutlet, in addition to their bread. At eight, the students resort to the hall for the purpose of assembling their *cahiers*, copy-books, &c.; then they proceed to the class-rooms, and read their compositions, correct, and translate until ten. Different classes have different regulations. A quarter of an hour's recreation is then given, from which time until twelve, the study-hall prepares for subsequent lectures. At twelve, the refectory gathers a not-unwilling multitude, and a Latin grace being duly said, and a reader appointed, the soup, viands, vegetables, and dessert soon disappear. It is needless to say that bread supplies the place of potatoes. From half-past twelve there is an hour's recreation, devoted to foot-ball, gymnastic, or *l'ours*, one of many plays peculiar to France. Drawing-lessons follow, and from two till four, the class-room again, after which a roll, and a half-hour's recreation, then until half-past eight, there is study, except in the case of some special class, which students may or may not desire to attend, "repetitions," or "grinds," in science or arts. At half-past eight, there is prayer followed by a light supper, immediately after which they all retire to the various dormitories.

Such is the daily life. Once every week, on Thursday, there is a long walk into the country. The collegians march in military array, with their own band preceding them. Some wood is generally sought as the place of the pic-nic. On Sundays, parents and kindred are allowed to see their relatives in college, and, once a month, if the class-tickets of good

conduct and proficiency permit, the students are allowed to spend a day with their relatives in Paris. Those who have none are accompanied by an usher. The class-tickets alluded to must not only be obtained, but retained; they may be confiscated to various amount, for sufficient cause. Another punishment is the imposition of some hundred lines to be written out during play-hours. An ingenious youth once shortened this task by attaching two nibs to his pen! Another punishment is picket duty, that is, to be stationed immoveably in a corner of the court, or dormitory, for a stated time, or to be compelled, (if a number be refractory,) to march round the court in single-file, or stand in a line, during play-hours. There is no corporal punishment allowed, nor any flogging. The system partakes considerably of a martial character; a military uniform is worn, and the students are well drilled. It acts admirably, and is a very useful concomitant with the gymnastics. Amateur theatricals diversify the studies of the year; nor are excursions to the river forgotten in summer weather. Special festivals, such as the saint's day of the president, receive special honour. Finally, after examinations by the visiting examiner from the University, who keeps the various classes up to the University standard, the year is wound up by a solemn distribution of premiums. Platforms are erected, and awnings spread; some eminent visitors are invited; relatives arrive; the band distinguishes itself by a great effort; vocal music joins; one by one the elect students are crowned with laurels and roses. Alas! many who assisted there once are now lifeless as these poor crowns beside me.

COLUMBA.

THE MUSES IN THE WORKINGDAY WORLD.

WHEN Wordsworth wrote of a woman whom he deemed worthy of the highest eulogy, that she was

“A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,”

we doubt whether the lady he thus commended, or the sex in general, felt overwhelmed by the compliment. And now if we were to hint that a vast majority of writers in verse, who print off their thoughts, fancies, hallucinations and dreams, as fast as they can get syllables to chime, or lines to run in measure, are only clever enough in providing a fair marketable article, and are not by any means inconveniently elevated above their fellow men, by even once in a way,

“Sitting on a throne of gold
Among the Gods, upon Olympus old;”

we strongly suspect that the ladies and gentlemen who “tune the lyre,” would be very little obliged to us for our strictly just valuation of their labours—our moderate estimate of the extent of their inspiration.

Certainly, if poets in our time do not hold forth exactly as poets did in the early days, neither do readers read as our ancestors were in the habit of doing. Those forefathers of ours, so far as we can judge, had leisure in their life. We can fancy that in days not degenerate, reading the poets was an affair undertaken with becoming premeditation, a delight indulged in with a staid solemnity. Books, we fondly believe, were treated as things that made a solemn entry into the world, and were not destined to quit it in a hurry. They were handled daintily as articles of price, and once adopted, were so for better for worse. The most reckless school-boy, would hardly have taken a precious Elzevir a-field; and some of us may remember how our immediate progenitors, round whom still lingered a reverential grace, used to sit down before a volume of the Elizabethan dramatists, or a folio of the earlier epics. Preparing for spending the evening with the great authors, was, in those days, like getting ready for court, with bag-wig and sword of state. The poets themselves, it must be allowed, had the mien of men come straight from having "heard Apollo sing," and with the light of the immortals, still shining round their head. The least common mortals could do, was to assume a holiday mood, smooth every inequality of countenance and temper, and establish a "Sabbath stillness" within and without, before pausing to give ear

"To that large utterance of the early Gods."

But now, in the prevalent rush, men naturally cannot read, unless what has been specially composed with an eye to the situation:—warranted to be read running; warranted not overmuch to task the brain. Note the books bought at the railway-stall for an hour's reading on the line. Note the selection made for perusal in the intervals of business. English classics have no chance against the minor minstrels. Set for example, Longfellow against Wordsworth, (to go no farther back,) or, we blush to say it, Tupper against Keats, and ten to one but the dead lions will be praised, and the live song-birds purchased. Evidently there is not ample room and verge enough in our life to admit of mighty men freely disporting their fancies through our heart and brain. The poets themselves, too, are caught in the whirl. Not many can give themselves up to a snug fire-side life with the Muses, or mount on Pegasus for more than a brief hand-gallop through

"Some lone land of genii days,
Storyful and golden."

We can guess that even lives which outwardly seen, show but little disturbance are constantly subject to serious inner perturbation, if not actually making way under ruinous high pressure. All the difference being that in the case of some, their dervish-dance attracts the attention of the general public, while in the life of others, as in the revolution of our mother earth, the motion is known not noted.

Yet, for all this, poetry, it is evident, people will not "willingly let die." The best of it lies on the library shelves, safely enshrined in pure

English and good calf; not wholly forgotten, but laid up high and dry with a sigh, perhaps, and a *spero meliora*. If folks do not spend much time reading it, at least they once in a life-time loyally pay money for it, with a prospective view of enjoyment, let us trust. And, meanwhile, if any one will set down things in verse, short and easily understood, of ordinary import, and pleasing to the ear, even a busy man will here and there be thankful, and will give ear to the song some vacant half-hour, or whistle it up now and then, "to keep his courage cheery" on his belated round of the tread-mill. In obedience to the law of demand and supply, there is no stint of the commodity wanted. The "Gods upon Olympus old," descend less frequently to speak with mortals, but the lesser divinities are to be met at every street corner. Scarcely an educated man or woman but can now turn a verse. The most unlikely characters take to poetising. Grave divines are known occasionally to lisp in numbers; votaries of science go out on a spree with the Nine; and gentle womankind excite a sensation, and deal hard blows to right and left, when under the influence of a transient breath of the divine *afflatus*.

Well, if this new generation of poets find delightful occupation in the general harmony, or occasional contradiction of rhyme and reason; and if they are not seriously going in for incense, statues, and immortality, there surely is no harm done. Pending the time destined for their productions to fall into "the portion of weeds and outworn faces," they will have the satisfaction of seeing their little stream of verse "winding at its own sweet will," and the pleasure of noting that some, possibly many, may stop on their forced march, to refresh themselves for an instant and thankfully "the live current quaff." But as for any one, even with the best will in the world, endeavouring to keep *au courant* with the inexhaustible supply of this class of literature which pours out, season after season from the press, the thing is clearly impossible. The case is as perplexing and lamentable as that of the Caliph Vathek, who, of the three hundred dishes that were daily set before him, could taste no more than thirty-two!

Sometimes, however, by good luck, one chances upon a pearl of price. And such a one, we are bound to say, we came upon quite recently in a little volume entitled "Poems, by Jean Ingelow."* One need not go beyond the very first poem in the book, to see that here is a genuine poet, richly graced with essential endowments—imagination to feel after, and flash into light, things that lie beneath the surface; an eye that revels in the rich beauty of the external world; a heart that is sensitive to the touch of pathos; a voice that rings melodiously, and a varied wealth of words by the mastery of which every scene is represented to the fancy, vividly, with its light and shade, as a painter sets a landscape in a magic play of colour straight before the eye. The poem we allude to is called "Divided," and the story is of two lives, which should have been twin lives in destiny, but which early became separated by a division, as slight and as lightly thought of, as the "tiny bright beck" one of the lovers stepped over, and

* Longmans, 1863.

which henceforth are each doomed to follow a solitary path on either bank of the deepening, ever widening river; a ceaseless longing and a quenchless memory abiding in the place which a present nearness should have filled. We leave out a page or so, not essential to the telling of the tale, (the writer, we may remark, does not always confine herself to the strictly necessary,) and let the following verses tell the story, and vindicate our judgment.

An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out perfume, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet;
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

We two walk till the purple dieth,
And short dry grass underneath is brown;
But one little streak at a distance lieth.
Green like a ribbon to prank the down.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
And God, He knoweth how blithe we were!
Never a voice to bid us eschew it;
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled beside it,
We parted the grasses dewy and sheen;
Drop over drop there filtered and slid,
A tiny green beck that trickled between.

Hand in hand, while the sun peeped over,
We lapped the grass on that youngling spring;
Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
And said: "Let us follow it westering."

Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather
Till one steps over the tiny strand,
So narrow, in sooth, that still together
On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever
On either margin, our songs all done;
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays: "Come over"—I may not follow;
I cry: "Return"—but he cannot come;
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow;
Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

A little pain when the beck grows wider;
"Cross to me now—for her wavelets swell;"
"I may not cross"—and the voice beside her
Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path ; ah ! no returning ;
 No second crossing that ripple's flow ;
 "Come to me now, for the west is burning :
 Come, ere it darkens ;"—"Ah, no ! ah, no !"

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching—
 The beck grows wider, and swift, and deep ;
 Passionate words, as of one beseeching—
 The loud beck drowns them ; we walk, and weep.

A heavier swell, a swifter sliding ;
 The river hasteth, her banks recede :
 Wing like sails on her bosom gliding
 Bear down the lily and drown the reed.

While, O my heart ! as white sails shiver,
 And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
 How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
 That moving speck on the far-off side.

Farther, farther—I see it—know it—
 My eyes brim over, it melts away ;
 Only my heart to my heart shall show it
 As I walk desolate day by day.

And yet I know, past all doubting, truly—
 A knowledge greater than grief can dim ;
 I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
 Yea better—e'en better than I love him.

And as I walk by the vast calm river,
 The awful river so dread to see,
 I say : "Thy breadth and thy depth for ever
 Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

And so, having shown how bright a genius has appeared amongst us, we can with better grace note certain short-comings which slightly mar the effect of the poems as a whole, but which are traceable, perhaps, to want of experience and discipline, rather than to a sense obtuse or radical deficiency of good taste. Let us premise that this book is not particularly adapted to readers who run. Readers of Miss Ingelow's poems must hasten slowly. Often, indeed, the demand made on the reader's minute attention is much too exorbitant. He cannot always stay to "beat the music out ;" nor should he be required to do so. Essentially it is the poet's part to take care that it is not merely the ear that is filled with sound, but that sense is satisfied, and there is no unnecessary strain put on the mental faculties. It is not always easy to follow the writer ; the form in which some of these poems are cast is not felicitous ; there are stories within stories ; dialogues, not often manageable in verse, entangle the narrative ; "my heart" and "my reason," and "myself," break up the story even when the *dramatis personæ* are not talking as much as possible all together.

Matters are not mended when disquisitions destroy the simplicity of thought, and interrupt the flow of feeling, when metaphysics are obtruded, or questions of the day dragged in by the neck and heels. There are yet

other faults to be indicated. Miss Ingelow moralizes at times, when she might as well be singing sweet and low, beguiling into a good mood, rather than lecturing into good behaviour. Assuredly, if poets are to do good work for this generation, they must speak to and charm into vigorous life the spiritual sense so weighed down by dominant intellectualism. To do Miss Ingelow justice, we believe her instinct points this out as the true course. Only she is still somewhat irresolute; is neither quite sure of her public, nor as yet safely self-reliant; much like a timorous mariner who hugs the coast, when he might be out in perilous seas scudding before the wind.

There is a way too, of inculcating good lessons, which the poet would do well not to mistake. Sententiousness may be put up with in prose. But in poetry, we expect to receive our admonitions, as we do the reproachful glance of a kind eye, without a rush of stormy, multitudinous words. Moreover, some of the long poems are tedious and confused. The writer has not the subject always well in hand; and when she wanders off into byepaths, finds it not over easy to regain the main road. These are not defects in grain; they are little more than surface blemishes, which, no doubt, will by-and-bye be polished off. And they are almost solely confined to the longer poems. Whatever beauty there is in these,—and they are by no means deficient in charming passages and striking pages—is not of a sustained, but of a fragmentary order; broken up into snatches of song, centred in stray couplets, or flashed with meteoric suddenness and splendour into solitary lines.

But the short poems are exquisite, many of them quite perfect. They amply deserve to outlive the short day of one generation. And if they are crushed out, it will be by the multitude, not the surpassing excellence of contemporary productions. "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" is certainly entitled to live as long as many of the noble old ballads, whose simplicity, vigour, and pathos, it vividly reproduces. There is an antique grace and precision about "Persephone," despite one or two infelicitous expressions, which show the culture and fancy of the writer to be of no mean order. Scattered through the pages here and there are lyrics, that are songs indeed, and might have been taken out of some long lost play of the Shakespearean period. "Playing on the Virginals" is one of these, and "Coo, dove, to thy married mate," is another. In the "Songs of Seven," we have playfulness, thoughtfulness, tenderness, sorrow that takes the light out of life, and the longings that unfold distant lamps of glory. From the Seven we must take one. Let it be the first and the merriest. A little child sings:—

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birth-day lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better
They are only one times one.

O Moon, in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low ;
You were bright ! ah, bright ! but your light is failing—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face ?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold !
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest with the young ones in it ;
I will not steal them away ;
I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

No one can better describe, than Miss Ingelow, the various aspects of ocean scenery, the life of fishermen, and of dwellers on the coast, the terrible incidents that scare the memory of sea-faring men—the special interests that cluster round the daily life of such as

“ Watch the green breakers and the wind-tossed foam.”

Some poets seem never to lose sight of the mountains ; the gleaming peaks, or the rounded shoulders of familiar heights, are caught sight of ever and anon, as the verses roll in music. Other poets tarry by the river side, and sing best to the undertone of mighty streams that speed away, or the lively plash of upland rivulets, that send back a voice as they waywardly wind into the distance. But Miss Ingelow's landscapes are apt to have a coast line, where

“ leisurely the opal murmuring sea
Breaks on her yellow sands ;”

where, again are tossed up by the “labouring wind,”

“ waves
Mighty to rock us to our death ;”

where one may list by night—

“ the wind's low stave
And long monotonous rockings of the wave ;”

where the anxious heart may watch and hope to

“ hear next tide the blessedest,
Best sound—the boat keels grating on the sand.”

In the poem entitled "Brothers and a Sermon;"—one of the long poems which is fairly beyond our criticism—there is throughout much fine picturing of the fisherman's life; while in the sermon, properly so called, there is a "straight simplicity," a strong-hearted tenderness of expression, not often met with in poets or preachers; and rightly pitched, indeed, it is to reach the hearts of that rude sea-side congregation. With what a pretty fancy the writer notes how

—"the orange star-fish creeps
Across the laver, and the mackerel shoot
Over and under it, like silver boats
Turning at will and plying under water!"

and how life-like a picture is this in the same poem:—

"And down we ran and lay upon the reef,
And saw the swimming infants, emerald green,
In separate shoals, the scarcely turning ebb
Bringing them in; while sleek, and not intent
On chase, but taking that which came to hand,
The full-fed mackerel and the gurnet swam
Between; and settling on the polished sea,
A thousand snow-white gulls sat lovingly
In social rings, and twittered while they fed."

Another poem, "Requiescat in Pace," is much indebted for its wierd charm and mystery of desolation to this, that the old man's daughter sat thinking of the lover who had longed to be alone upon the wild, terrible mountains, sat, and thought of him looking out on the great sea, dyed scarlet by the flaming sunset, and heard the wild white bird perched upon the light-house, "all roofless and storm-broken," screaming the doleful tale of the lad that met cold death upon the mountain, to some hooded thing, paddling in a skiff, that "rocked and curtseyed as the red wave she crossed."

There is yet another poem which must not be passed over without a word of recognition. The one we mean is called "Honours," and describes the musings of a scholar, who has striven, and failed, to win the prizes and the praises he had set his mind on. He probes his own heart, looks straight out over the world of ancient lore and modern science, "searches the edges of the universe," resolves to have done with praise-seeking, and hew out a path for himself to a goal which is a sure and worthy one. Finally, he bursts forth in the beautiful prayer we quote:—

O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough!
O man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath!

By that one likeness, which is ours and thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin;
By that high heaven where, sinless, thou dost shine,
To draw us sinners in.

By thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray Thee, visit me.

Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
 Die ere the guest adored she entertain—
 Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day
 Should miss thy heavenly reign.

Come, weary-eyed from seeking in the night
 Thy wanderers strayed upon the pathless world,
 Who wounded, dying, cry to thee for light,
 And cannot find their fold.

And deign, O Watcher, with the sleepless brow,
 Pathetic in its yearnings—deign, reply :
 Is there, O is there aught that such as Thou
 Wouldst take from such as I?

Are there no briars across Thy pathway thrust,
 Are there no thorns that compass it about?
 Nor any stones that Thou wilt deign to trust
 My hands to gather out?

O if Thou wilt, and if such bliss might be,
 It were a cure for doubt, regret, delay—
 Let my lost pathway go—What aileth me?—
 There is a better way.

What though unmarked the happy workman toil,
 And break unthanked of man the stubborn clod?
 It is enough, for sacred is the soil,
 Dear are the hills of God.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird
 Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
 Than that a seraph strayed should take the word
 And sing His glory wrong.

Surely, our extracts amply prove we are not wrong in announcing treasure-trove in this new poet. As we write, Messrs. Longman and Co. advertise a third edition of these poems, and another publisher promises a new work* by the no longer unknown author. This marks a great appreciation. Let us hope so cordial a greeting and such substantial praise as the writer has received will encourage her to still higher efforts. Our one word of advice is, beware of a wide canvass. We want not great scenic representations, to suspend in cold halls and unvisited galleries, but lovely cabinet pictures, to hang, by preference, in our inner chambers, and keep about us near and numerous with our household gods. We would have ballads to teach the children to repeat, and songs the heart can sing with or without music, and now and then a classic verse, sharp cut and polished like an old world gem, and a prayer through which the soul in sorrow may pour itself in words, or the too-keen joy of a hope fulfilled may find a tempered flow. Is this asking too much? No; for we have pledged of it all, and even a fair proportion of fulfilment in the very first work of the writer, of whom we now take farewell, with a hearty God speed and earnest *au revoir!*

* "A Sister's By-hours." By Jean Ingelow. Strahan & Co.

THEORIES OF THE EARTH.

It may be all very well to say that philosophical speculations should be restrained within the limits either of science or revelation, or of both taken together; but it so happens that they never have been so restrained, and it may be reasonably concluded that they never will. Men have been always in the habit of reasoning on the probable causes of things, or on the manner in which events have been brought about, where neither revealed nor human history has afforded us information, and where science can never arrive at certitude. Indeed, in one sense of the word, views would cease to be speculative if they did not go beyond the bounds of known facts, or if they could be verified by actual knowledge; and such operations of the mind may be classed with those which the wise man described, who, when he proposed to himself "to seek and search out wisely concerning all things that are done under the sun," says:—"This painful occupation hath God given to the children of men, to be exercised therein." That our "searching out" should be always "wisely" conducted, is not to be expected, and men are doomed to go on to the end indulging often in visionary theories and hypothetical explanations of things beyond their knowledge.

Of this nature are the speculations about the origin of our globe, which have formed a leading feature in every school or system of philosophy, and which come under the general description of "theories of the earth." The only true theory on the subject is the Mosaic account of the creation; but it may safely be admitted, as it generally is, that some portions of that account are not necessarily to be understood in a literal sense—that, for instance, the intervals of time which Moses designates as "days," need not be understood as natural days, but as some indefinite periods, the great length of which, if, as the geologists assert, they were indeed of a vast duration, was still as nothing in the immeasurable lapse of eternity. The learned Calmet admits that the inspired historian may have accommodated his language, in some instances, to the comprehension of the age in which he lived; and some biblical scholars, at the same time that they treat the words of Holy Writ with profoundest respect, have, nevertheless, speculated wildly on the probable course adopted by the Creator in the work of preparing this planet to be the habitation of man. Some of their speculations we shall notice presently; but, in the first instance, we shall pass in review the principal theories, started by philosophers of pagan Greece and Rome, on the cosmogony or generation of the earth.

From the earliest ages, it was the favorite opinion of the philosophers that the world was formed out of chaos; and chaos was defined to have been a dark, turbulent, confused, heterogeneous mass of elementary matter, which, according to some, had existed from eternity; but, according to others, was only the first state of matter after being called into existence by the Creator. Among Persians, Phœnicians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans—among philosophers, poets, and pagan priests—this idea of a primordial chaos prevailed. It may have been only a dim tradition of the truth as conveyed

in the words of Genesis—"And the earth was void and empty," (or, as the Church of England version has it, "the earth was without form and void"), "and darkness was upon the face of the deep"—words which undoubtedly refer to a state of chaos—but the notion was universal.

Xenophanes, who lived about six hundred years before Christ, and was the founder of the Eleatic sect, was the first who taught that the world was eternal in form as well as in matter. His opinion was upheld by many who followed him, as by Parmenides, Zeno, Sulpo, &c.; it was revived with some modifications by Spinoza, and was, in some shape or other, a favorite theory with persons professing to be atheists, or who have held that God and the material universe are one and the same. It evinces such profound ignorance of the ordinary laws that govern nature, and involves so many absurdities, that it is not worth examination.

The next class of the pagan philosophers were those who held that, although the world in its present shape had a beginning, still the matter of which it is composed existed from eternity; their principle being, that out of nothing nothing could be produced. These may be divided into two classes, the first comprising those who endeavoured to account for the generation of the world, or its constitution in its present form, by mechanical principles only; that is, by the internal or inherent activity of matter; and the second, those who had recourse to an intelligent mind, or divine power, for the organization of the universe out of its chaotic materials. The Stoics, Pythagoreans, Platonists, and others, belonged to the second class, with, of course, various shades of difference among them; and one of the most remarkable of the doctrines held by the former class was the atomic system of the Epicureans. These supposed matter to consist, in its primitive state, of an infinite number of indivisible and impenetrable particles, called atoms, which were of different sizes and figures, and all endowed with motion, and which, as the result of this motion and diversity of shape, but by mere chance, came, in process of time, to form all things in the universe. This also has been a favorite theory, in one shape or other, with modern unbelievers; but its utter absurdity is palpable; and it was well observed long ago, that it is just as reasonable to suppose that a shower of letters from the moon should, on touching the earth, form themselves mechanically into the *Iliad* of Homer, as that a world, where the minutest detail evinces design, should all be the production of chance.

Of the modern theories of the earth, not the least curious is that of Mr. Whiston, published in 1708. According to him the globe, formerly in a chaotic state, only received form and its present place among the heavenly bodies at the time mentioned by Moses. In its primitive state he supposes it to have been a comet, the nucleus of which was a solid, globular, hot body, about 2,000 leagues in diameter. It was an uninhabited chaos, and was surrounded by a chaotic atmosphere, the constituent matter of which was sometimes liquified and sometimes frozen, according to the alternations of great heat and cold. By degrees, the eccentricity of the comet's orbit decreased; and, as it became nearly circular, the materials of the atmosphere arranged themselves, according to their specific gravities, into the present

elements ; the chaos assuming the shape of a sphere round the original fiery nucleus, which gradually cooled, but which he calculated might retain more or less of its primeval heat for 6,000 years. According to Mr. Whiston, the earth did not receive its diurnal motion till the fall of Adam ; and paradise was situated under the tropic of Cancer, where it was intersected by the ecliptic. The year began at the autumnal equinox, that being the season in which Adam was created ; and on the 18th of November, in the year of the Julian period 2365, or B.C. 2349, he calculated that the deluge commenced ; its immediate cause being the passage of a comet close to the earth, producing a prodigious tide, which swept over the earth's surface. As the comet approached, the tide rose higher ; and when at its greatest height, the effect was such, that the waters which occupied the abyss, under the outer crust of the earth, broke that crust, and the vapours of the comet's tail also producing intense rain, a quantity of water sufficient to cover the earth, above the tops of the highest mountains, would thus be accounted for, and that in a manner which would correspond sufficiently with the account of the deluge given by Moses. The rending of the earth's crust would explain the separation of the continents and islands, which might have been all connected together by dry land before ; and Mr. Whiston having found, by calculation, that the great comet of 1680 might have passed sufficiently near our globe to produce all the effects he described, at the precise period mentioned above, did not consider his theory as a mere hypothesis, but boldly affirmed that he had demonstrated the cause of the deluge. At the time of this event, he adds, the comet's attraction and the centrifugal force elevated the equatorial regions, and changed the figure of the earth, from a sphere to a spheroid ; while, at the same time, commenced the inequality between the solar and the lunar year, which previously had both consisted of exactly 360 days.

M. Bourguet, a Frenchman, suggested a theory, according to which the earth, when first formed, was in a fluid state ; the first solidification of its surface was suddenly broken by the centrifugal force, and the whole original structure was dissolved. This breaking up of the solid parts was the cause of the deluge ; and at some future period the earth's crust will be blown up, with a terrific explosion, by the internal fires which are even now consuming the earth's substance, and will cause a general conflagration in the last catastrophe ; after which the diameter of the globe will be much less than it is at present ; and the surface, instead of exhibiting strata of submarine formations, will consist only of beds of calcined materials.

Lazaro Moro, an Italian, conjectured, with a much better train of reasoning, that the solid parts of the earth had been raised from the bottom of the sea, by the force of subterranean fires, and that the existence of sea-shells and remains of marine animals on the dry land are thus to be accounted for.

Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, framed a theory of the earth totally regardless of the account given in the inspired writings. The principal features of his hypothesis are these. The earth and the other planets of our system were, according to it, portions of the body of the sun, from which

they had been detached by the stroke of a comet. Their masses issued from the sun in the shape of igneous torrents, which assumed each a globular figure, by the mutual attraction of their parts; and which, on reaching to a distance, where their projectile force was overcome by the sun's attraction, commenced revolving round that luminary in circular, or rather elliptical orbits. Their revolutions on their axes he ascribes to the obliquity of the original stroke impressed by the comet, and from this rotatory motion on its axis resulted the earth's figure of an oblate spheroid. The surface of the globe gradually cooled down, and the vapours of its atmosphere gradually condensed, until they formed the waters on the earth's surface; the detritus deposited by these waters forming the vegetable mould; while the combination of different elements produced the metals in the fissures of the earth's crust. "Such," says Buffon, "was the condition of the earth when the tides, the winds, and the heat of the sun, began to introduce changes on its surface." And in contemplating the interior structure of the earth, the irregular disposition of every thing; the sunken mountains, filled up caverns, shattered rocks, and general confusion, it seemed to him to resemble the ruins of a former world. But the great agent, according to him, in moulding the surface of the globe into its present form was water. The conclusions to which all his reasoning leads, are:—that the flux and reflux of the ocean have produced all the mountains, valleys, and other inequalities on the surface of the earth; that currents of the sea have scooped out the valleys, elevated the hills, and given them their respective directions; that the ocean produces these effects by transporting earth, or the detritus of various substances, which is deposited in strata that are horizontal, or inclined, according as the original surface on which they have been deposited is flat or irregular, but which were in all cases parallel; that in the process of drying these strata were broken by perpendicular fissures of various widths; that the sinking of immense subterranean caverns, or unequal yielding of the foundation under some portions of great superincumbent masses, broke mountain ridges into separate chains, and into isolated peaks, forming valleys and precipices, &c.; that the waters from the heavens, that is, the rain, have been gradually destroying the effects of the ocean, by continually diminishing the height of the mountains, filling up the valleys, choking the mouths of rivers, and reducing everything to its pristine level; until, in the lapse of ages, the dry land shall once more be covered by the ocean, which, once more, by its natural operations, shall create new continents out of its own depths. To this elaborate theory, however ingenious and plausible it may seem, there are several fatal objections. It does not explain the existence of the unstratified rocks, which form the great mass of the principal mountain chains, and even of whole continents; for its author rejects the volcanic agency, as being inadequate to the production of the great inequalities which we find on the earth's surface; and it is needless to say, that the notion of our earth having been broken from the body of the sun, by the collision of a comet, is a mere gratuitous and fantastic hypothesis.

Our countryman, Kirwan, adopted the opinion held by so many other philosophers, that the primeval world was once, to a certain depth, in a soft

or liquid state; its liquidity, however, not being caused by fire, but by water. He imagined that at the time of its creation, and long after, the interior of the globe contained immense empty caverns; that the chaotic fluid, which surrounded the globe to a great depth, was composed of the different elements, in much the same proportion as they are found at the present day, but in a state of confused mixture; that these elements coalesced in different quantities and proportions, according to the laws of gravitation and elective attraction, and according to their accidental proximity; that the whole aqueous fluid was originally of a high temperature; that the heat by which the ingredients were crystallised did not proceed from any central fire, but from the chemical action of the inflammable elements which were mixed up with the others; that a stupendous conflagration, which burned deep into the crust of the earth, and partial volcanic eruptions of great magnitude, were the result of this chemical action; that the crystallised materials were thus broken up into immense, concreted masses, the partial and gradual decomposition of which, in process of time, came to form plains; that at length the redundant portion of the chaotic fluid found a way through the fissures, which the heat had made, into the interior caverns of the earth, and uncovered by degrees the tops of mountains, then the continents, and then the islands, leaving the dry land to consolidate, and to become fitted for the habitation of man and the lower animals. He supposed that the fish were not created until the waters had subsided to a certain level, and hence that the portions of the earth which emerged first and became dry land contained no remains of marine animals, even when they were composed of calcareous materials. With regard to this theory, it may be observed, that the calculations of the earth's density, drawn from astronomical and mechanical principles, prove that the matter of the interior of the earth must be very much denser and heavier than that of its crust, and consequently that it could not at any time have consisted of caverns filled with water.

But there are two other theories, which have superseded all preceding ones, and which, with sundry modifications, divide the opinions of naturalists at the present day. These are the "Huttonian theory," propounded by Dr. James Hutton, a native of Edinburgh, where he died, in 1790; and the "Wernerian theory," so called from Professor Werner, of Frieberg, in Saxony, who died in 1817, and was one of the most distinguished mineralogists of modern times, indeed, one of the principal founders of the modern science of geology.

In the Huttonian system the globe is considered as composed of three distinct bodies; the solid body of the earth, the aqueous body of the sea, and the elastic fluid of air. These constitute the great machine to which motion and activity are imparted by the following powers, namely:—the projectile or progressive force; gravitation, which produces the rotatory motion; light, heat, magnetism, and electricity. Each part of the great machine appears to be in constant motion. The continual circulation of the water—which is first raised in vapour from the ocean, then condensed again into water, which flows from the tops of mountains and other high

lands, until it returns to the ocean once more—dissolves the compact surface of the land, and forms the fertile plains out of the ruins of the mountains, thus tending to restore all things to an uniform level. As in some of the theories already noticed, Dr. Hutton holds that all the strata of the earth, calcareous or other, had their origin at the bottom of the sea, by the collection of sand and gravel, shells, coralline, earths, clays, &c., mixed in various proportions; while the granite, and other unstratified masses, are of an older formation. He conceives that the great agency by which the strata were first consolidated, and then elevated from the bottom of the sea, was that of heat; the same agency, in a more intense degree, having produced the unstratified rocks, as granite, &c., by fusion. All the solid materials of the globe have, therefore, according to him, been condensed by means of heat, or hardened from a state of fusion; and this proposition he undertakes to prove, from mechanical as well as chemical principles. The expansion, by heat, of bodies placed under the strata at the bottom of the sea, would account for the elevation of these strata above the surface; for we know that the expansive power of heat is unlimited. It is also sufficient to account for every species of fracture, dislocation, and contortion; and from its operation we find the strata of the globe thrown into every possible position, from horizontal to vertical—continuous, or broken, or separated in every possible direction. Dr. Hutton argues that they could not have been thus formed originally; and that the same power which so dislocated and transformed them, was also sufficient to raise them from the bottom of the sea. His conclusions are, that the solid earth which we now inhabit, was raised above the surface of the sea at the period described by Moses as that of the creation; that this earth is composed of the materials of a former earth, and even that not the earth which immediately preceded it, but the earth which preceded that again; so that we have, according to him, evidence of at least three distinct, successive periods of existence, each of them having an indefinite duration, and forming part of a succession of worlds, the present world, or rather habitable surface of the globe, having commenced at the time described as the creation, in Scripture, and having a period inevitably fixed for its duration, at the end of which it must make way for its successor.

The last theory which we shall notice is that of Werner, mentioned above, and which is also called the "Neptunian theory," from the circumstance that the universal agent recognised in it for the formation of the earth's surface, is water. It is in many respects identical with that which has been already noticed as held by Kirwan, the Irish philosopher, and contemporary of Werner. Thus, the materials of which the strata of the earth are composed, are supposed to have been at one time in a state of solution, and suspended in water; "from this fluid they were successively consolidated in various combinations, partly by crystallization, and partly by mechanical deposition; granite having been first formed, and the other primitive strata in due order, by precipitations chiefly chemical. From the period of the formation of these strata, the water which covered the earth, began to decrease in height, by retiring gradually into cavities in the internal parts

of the earth; during which process other precipitations were effected, and the intermediate strata, or strata of transition, were formed, of which siliceous schist and transition are the principal. While the water was still abating, the mechanical action of its mass on the strata already formed, occasioned in them a partial disintegration, and the materials from this source, together with the remaining part of the matter originally dissolved, formed by their precipitation and consolidation, the secondary strata, which are generally arranged in horizontal beds, and abound in organic remains. During the gradual consolidation of these strata, rents and cavities opened, into which the water retired, holding various substances in solution, and hence the formation of mineral veins. Finally, volcanic fires and alluvions have produced some inconsiderable and partial changes on the surface of the earth." It is needless to say that the formation of granite without the action of fire, is a notion long since rejected, and that a large class of rocks are now held by all geologists to be indubitably of igneous origin.

Were we to notice the opinions entertained by Cuvier, Buckland, Lyell, or other eminent geologists of our time, on the origin and structure of the earth, it would lead us very much beyond our limits. Geologists are, of all men, the most dogmatic in their opinions, yet we might reasonably expect it to be otherwise, seeing that the discoveries and deductions of one so generally upset those of his predecessors. We well recollect when Professor Lyell, some years ago, read a paper at the annual meeting of the British Association, on the Delta of the Mississippi. He had taken a basin of water from the great river; allowed the sediment to subside; weighed the sediment, and calculated the cubic inches of water in his basin; then estimated the quantity of water which the Mississippi pours into the ocean in a year; and by a simple operation of the rule of proportion, calculated the time which must have been required for the formation of the great alluvial swamps of Louisiana—a time amounting to some fabulous myriads of years. The world gaped in amazement at the wonderful result, and the credit of the Book of Genesis sunk in proportion. While the learned professor was still enunciating his profound conclusions, the waters of the Loire happened to rise and overflow their banks. A most calamitous inundation took place. The river, in more than one place, began to hollow out new beds for itself; and the result of some three days of its desolating progress would, if calculated on Professor Lyell's principles, indicate a geological process requiring at least a million of years for its production! We have often seen the calculations of human science thus confounded; and when the waters of the vast central basin of North America first began to scoop out the bed of the Mississippi, and roll their accumulated floods towards the Gulf of Mexico, who will say that half of the immense deposit on which the learned professor expended his calculations, may not have been conveyed to its present site in a single annual revolution of our globe?

It may be said that the Creator, in all the operations of the material world, of which we are cognisant, works by natural laws, and that the great work of the formation of the world, as it now exists, may have been a progressive series of operations, in which these laws were the immediate

agents; but, at the same time, we are abundantly justified in holding a different opinion; and as every theory must necessarily begin with the admission that matter was created, it is just as easy to believe that it was created in its present finished and organised state, as in that of the heterogeneous fluids which the geologists require for their autogenic worlds. We have, perhaps, as much reason to believe, with Chateaubriand, that the world, to be so beautiful as it must have been coming from the hands of its Maker, was created "old," with venerable trees, drooping as if from age, and withered branches, and moss-covered rocks, and pebbles, as it were, worn by the streams, which had only just begun to flow—as we have for any hypothetical theory of geologists, however ingenious and scientific.

THE IRISH HIERARCHY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Rinuccini arrived in Ireland he found several vacant sees, and his first and chiefest care was to have them duly filled. The candidates were proposed to him by the supreme council of the Confederates, and he recommended them for appointment by Innocent X., selecting those who were remarkable for their attachment to his own policy and their devoted allegiance to the apostolic see. Towards the close of 1647 the bulls nominating the new prelates arrived from Rome, for the most part in compliance with his recommendation, although the archbishopric of Tuam, as we have seen in a former paper, was given to de Burgh, whose political views were of the moderate order, and shaped by those of lord Clauricarde, his kinsman and the chief of his name. The bishops, as a matter of course, took their places in the legislative assembly, and were admitted to vote in right of their sees, and, indeed, there were only three excepted from this established usage—the most remarkable of whom was Boetius Egan, bishop of Ross, whose right to sit in the supreme council was contested by lord Muskerry, simply because he had been appointed on the nunzio's recommendation, and without consent of the lay-lords. The nunzio's conduct in this particular gave umbrage to the supreme council, some members of which vented their spleen by refusing to advance to their temporalities the prelates appointed on his exclusive nomination; but as the other bishops already in possession protested against such interference, the objection was overruled, not, however, without a stormy debate among the canon lawyers, who were always armed with countless precedents of rights and privileges vested in the English crown centuries before the Reformation. Rinuccini, indeed, set little value on such special pleading, and far from admitting that either the king or his representatives in the supreme council had any inherent right to nominate to bishoprics or benefices, he scouted all their pretensions, alleging that such right, although recognised in catholic times, had been

forfeited by heresy, and reverted to the donor—the apostolic see—and that he, in his office of nunzio and representative of the sovereign pontiff, was empowered to pronounce on the fitness of the candidates, independently of the primate and the whole body of the Irish hierarchy.* In order, however to reconcile the ultra loyal members of the supreme council to his views, he told them, that in case king Charles became a catholic, the holy see would recognise his just claims, and adopt a course of action that would surely meet all their wishes. Till then, however, he would not abate a tittle of what he considered to be the exclusive right of Rome, or enter into any compromise with those who were meddling in matters which were not of their competence. It is needless to observe, that no member of the supreme council entertained the hypothesis of the king's conversion, and they therefore abandoned the controversy about the royal veto.

Towards the close of 1645, Rinuccini was informed that James O'Hurly, bishop of Emly, had fallen into bad health, so much so, that it was absolutely necessary to provide him with a coadjutor. This infirm and aged prelate, a member of the order of St. Dominic, had made his religious profession under the shadow of the ancient and once splendid monastery of Kilmallock, and after completing his studies in Spain, was raised to the see of Emly in 1641. His tenure of the episcopate was comparatively brief; and all that we have been able to learn concerning his character is, that, like the generality of his order, he was distinguished for learning and zeal. His illness, it would appear, was protracted, for it is quite certain that he did not die till some time in August, 1646, that is to say, twelve months after the nunzio's arrival in Ireland. The wish of the dying prelate was, that his place might be filled by another Dominican; and the nunzio, being of [the same mind, wrote to Rome recommending Terence Albert O'Brien, provincial of the order in Ireland, as a person eminently qualified for the coadjutorship, and to succeed O'Hurly whenever the death of the latter might occur.† Three months, however, after he had despatched that recommendation he wrote again to Rome in favor of William Burgat, vicar-general of Emly, for whose appointment to the coadjutorship, it seems, many of the bishops‡ were then extremely desirous; but their memorial, though endorsed by the nunzio, was not entertained. Burgat, however, had the satisfaction of being allowed to retain the vicar-generalship; and of being advanced, when O'Hurly died, to the more responsible dignity of vicar-apostolic, pending the vacancy of the see.§ It seems strange, indeed,

* Nunz., pp. 102, 200.

† Nunz., p. 84.

‡ Ibid., p. 103.

§ De Burgo, who is usually so accurate in matters of fact, has fallen into a strange error regarding Burgat, who he asserts, was *not* vicar-apostolic of Emly in 1646, when the nunzio assembled the clergy at Waterford to reject the treaty of peace. The learned Dominican prelate was under the impression that O'Hurly, bishop of Emly, was then dead, that his successor T. A. O'Brien, had been consecrated, and, consequently, that Burgat, who signed the rejection of the peace as *vicar-apostolic*, was nothing more than vicar-general to the new bishop, who was absent by reason of illness or some other legitimate impediment. Nothing, however, could be more erroneous than this view of the matter, for O'Hurly, as

that the recommendation of the nunzio failed to procure his elevation to the mitre, but this may be easily accounted for if we bear in mind that the pope's representative looked with suspicion on all candidates proposed to him by the supreme council—nay, and regarded their advocacy as tantamount to positive disqualification of the aspirant. As a matter of course, he forwarded to Rome the memorial signed by the bishops and temporal peers, praying that Burgat would be appointed; but although he subscribed the instrument, and stated that he was personally acquainted with the candidate, and knew him to be fully equal to the requirements of a bishop; nevertheless, he was chary of praise, and his recommendation lacked that warmth and colouring, without which he was well aware it could not possibly succeed. It would, however, be a gross injustice to the nunzio's memory, to suppose that he was capable of playing a double part—recommending a man with one breath and destroying his prospects with the next—but it must be admitted that his conduct in the particular instance at which we have glanced, as well as in many others of a similar nature, proves him to have been weakminded and somewhat inconstant—in fact, one of those who are as sensitive to first impressions as they are quick to efface them on discovering that they are nothing more than shadow, surface, and outline. This peculiarity might have been a defect of temperament, and therefore pardonable; but the traits which rendered his character unamiable, and gave umbrage to the frank and buoyant Irish with whom he was constantly in contact, were frigid reserve, formal manners, immobility under most exciting circumstances, and perpetual anxiety to mystify all his projects, in the hope of producing effects which he meant to be sudden and striking; but, which when realised, far from startling or amazing, proved to be nothing more than ordinary results of a plodding brain, and nowise proportioned to the length of time he spent maturing them. We may also add, that he lacked decision, treated friend and foe with the same impassibility, and allowed all suitors to leave his presence with a conviction that he interested himself in their schemes and aspirations, while in reality he had little or no sympathy with any thing that did not bear directly on the object of his mission.

This estimate of Rinuccini's character, far from being fanciful or overcoloured, is, on the whole, faithful, and, indeed, nothing less than

we learn from the nunzio's letter, dated August 11, (1646,) precisely one day before the meeting of the assembly, was then alive, but "confined to his bed insensible and speechless." Moreover, if Burgat had been simply vicar-general to T. A. O'Brien, he would have subscribed the rejection of the peace under that designation, and as *proctor* for the latter, if he had been then consecrated. But so far was this from being the fact, that we find the nunzio, in the letter already cited, urging the Holy See to appoint O'Brien to the *coadjutorship*. It is quite apparent that this portion of the nunzio's correspondence escaped de Burgo's notice, else he would not have fallen into such a patent mistake. Another inaccuracy, such as the statement that Mac Mahon, bishop of Clogher, was executed by order of Ireton, etc., is so palpable as to be hardly worth noticing. V. Hib. Dom., p. 657—8, and Nunziatura, p. 103.

* Nunz., p. 103.

a duplicate of the portrait made of him by Belling,* who was his companion on the memorable voyage from Rochelle to Kenmare, and had ample opportunity during the three years of the nunziature, to make himself acquainted with his inner and outward man. Justice, however, compels us to acknowledge that Belling's was no loving hand, and this reflection might lead us to conclude that the charge of inconstancy and want of decision was invented, if we had not from the nunzio's own pen ample evidence to show that the broad shadowing of his picture was nowise exaggerated. Pretermittin many passages of his letters, which would guarantee our assertion, but would not be pertinent here, we need only repeat, that on his arrival in Ireland, he urged the holy see to appoint Terence A. O'Brien to the coadjutorship of Emly, and that in three months afterwards he postulated in behalf of Burgat, who, he said, was fully qualified for the dignity, and finally, after the lapse of six months, he wrote again to Rome, to have Burgat superseded, and O'Brien preconized in his stead.† The holy see, however, had already anticipated the latter recommendation, for although Rinuccini may have been ignorant of the fact, or wished to keep it a secret, O'Brien's elevation to the diocese of Emly had been determined in the last year of the pontificate of Urban VIII., that is to say, in 1644. Burgat, indeed might have proved as good a bishop as O'Brien, but the biography of the latter forbids us to suppose that he could have been excelled as a true and eminently distinguished patriot.

Terence Albert O'Brien was born in the year 1600, in the city of Limerick, of parents who were said to trace their descent from the princes of Thomond; but be that as it may, he was destined to reflect fresh lustre on the historic name he bore, and to maintain its honour and integrity at a period when others of the same ancient race were degrading it by recreancy to religion and country. While yet a child he received the earliest rudiments of education from his pious mother, and an aged priest, who found constant welcome and protection in his father's mansion, and who, in all likelihood, was the first to inspire him with the notion of devoting himself to the ministry. As he grew to boyhood the desire struck deeper root in his heart, and he lost no time in placing himself in communication with his uncle, Maurice O'Brien, who was then prior of the Dominican convent of his native city. The uncle was not slow in seconding the lad's wishes, and he accordingly had him received into the poor novitiate of the friars preachers—for we need hardly say that the monastery of St. Saviour, founded in the thirteenth century, by Donat O'Brien, had long since shared the fate of other religious houses in Ireland. Father Maurice was a tender tutor to the young aspirant during the probationary term, and at its close he had the satisfaction of seeing him duly admitted—

"One of the lambs of that blest flock
Which Dominic so leads in righteous ways,"‡

* Vindic. Cath. Hib.

† Nunz., pp. 84, 102, 152.

‡ "Io fui degli agni della santa greggia
Che Domenico mena per cammino
U' ben s'impingua se non si vaneggia."—Dante, Par. c. x.

in other words, a professed member of the order of preachers. The prior's next care was to provide for his nephew's philosophical and theological education, and in order to perfect him in these branches, he resolved to send him to the convent of St. Peter, Martyr, at Toledo, where there was then a vacancy for an Irish student. Young O'Brien accordingly set out for the far-famed city of unrivalled swords and seat of the Spanish metropolitan—then the wealthiest ecclesiastical benefice in the world—and arrived there just as he had entered on his twentieth year.

The Dominican school of Toledo was then one of the most renowned in Spain, and the professors who filled its various chairs were far-famed for their erudition in every department of knowledge. Under such able masters, therefore, it was only natural to expect that one gifted with the genius and earnestness of purpose which had fallen to young O'Brien's lot, should make rapid and distinguished progress, not only in the Aristotelian philosophy, which St. Thomas of Aquino had reduced to regular system, but also in the "Sum of Theology," which for many centuries had been recognised as the grand code of Latin Christianity, embodying all the moral and dogmatic doctrines of the Church. It is to be regretted that we have only few and sparse allusions to O'Brien's collegiate career, but such as have come under our notice warrant us in believing that he distinguished himself as a student, and proved to his Castilian teachers that he possessed an intellect to which the fine distinctions and subtle definitions of the Angelic Doctor were nowise impalpable. At length, after having passed eight years in the cloisters of St. Peter's, he was ordained priest, and as the exigencies of the Irish mission were then pressing, his superiors commanded him to lose no time in preparing for the homeward journey. Sad must have been the leave-taking when he bade adieu to the good fathers of St. Peter's, and looked his last on the Alcazar and the towers of Toledo's rich cathedral—sad, no doubt, must have been his farewells as he turned from the banks of the Tagus towards those of the Shannon—but what would they have been had some angel's hand lifted the veil that mercifully hid the future from his eyes?

On arriving in Ireland, the scene of his first mission, if we may so speak, was Limerick, where he abode with the Dominican fathers in a house—*domus conductitia*—which they rented in the city, and where they lived in community as well as the circumstances of the times allowed. It was a period of peril to all priests, but to those of the religious orders especially, for Falkland, the lord deputy, was then enforcing the penal enactments, and racking and otherwise torturing various priests supposed to

O'Brien's early career bears a striking resemblance to that of the Franciscan, Thade, so beautifully described in one of our finest poems—"The Monks of Kilcrea"—

... .. "Rosy and round, through city and shire
His mate for innocent glee there was none;
Gaily he told, 'How
He was reared for the Church by their former Prior.'"

be emissaries from the son of the late earl of Tyrone, who, if rumour could be believed, was preparing to invade Ireland from Flanders.* That the apprehension of the government in regard to this business was purely affected is quite certain; but lord Falkland made it a pretext for setting a strict watch on such of the clergy as he imagined were corresponding with their brethren in Spain, or elsewhere beyond seas. We can, therefore, conceive with what circumspection the priests, secular and regular, had to act in order to be able to discharge their duty to the people, and avoid the suborned delators, who were ever on the alert for the wage of their infamy. Strange, however, as it may appear, the government at that period did not entertain so virulent a hatred for the Irish Dominicans as it did for the Franciscans, and consequently the former were allowed to enjoy a comparative freedom of action. This, indeed, may seem anomalous, but it will cease to be so if we remember that the Franciscans were the most numerous of all the religious orders then in Ireland, and the most notorious for their adhesion to Tyrone and O'Donnell, during the late war. We may also observe, that the Irish chieftains employed the Franciscans as their agents at foreign courts, patronised them as their annalists, and selected their churches in Valladolid, as well as in Rome, for their place of sepulture. The Dominicans, on the other hand, took no demonstrative part in the transactions to which we have alluded, and this single circumstance accounts for the toleration extended to them by Falkland and some of his predecessors.

Availing himself, therefore, of the opportunities which were thus afforded him for doing good, Father O'Brien settled down in the little convent at Limerick, where, with the rest of his brethren, he toiled through many dreary years, in the quiet performance of the duties which belonged to his calling. Affable and unaffected, he was universally esteemed for every good attribute, but above all, for that true modesty, which has ever been

* Touching this invasion of Ireland, lord Falkland, in a letter to viscount Kilulagh, dated Dublin Castle, April 29, 1627, writes thus—"Out of Munster his lordship hath the same advertisement confirmed, with the addition that the books said to be landed at Drogheda, in November last, were amongst other things to this purpose, viz., a declaration of Tyrone's title to Ulster, with a signification to all people in Ireland, that the king of Spain was resolved to send him over with an army in July next, and in Ulster to denounce him king thereof, and there to crown him, and that withal he should be governor of all Ireland in the king of Spain's behalf, with power to create such and such noblemen for the better encouragement of men of name to adhere unto him. And for the better security of all papists within the land, the better to win them either to take part with him or not to oppose him, a proclamation is then to be published, that no papist throughout the kingdom of what descent or condition soever shall lose one drop of blood, or one penny value of either lands or goods. Now, his lordship desires it may be seriously considered whether indulgence from the laws and promise of toleration of religion be seasonable to be continued, or any security gained by it, and how dangerous it is to be put upon the purse of the kingdom, to maintain the army meant to defend it, which so depending on their courtesy, whereof many are disaffected, it would be abandoned of all succours, and be sure to be betrayed in the greatest necessity."—S.P.O.

the distinctive mark of steady heads and great souls. Carefully eschewing notoriety—that morbid, despicable ambition of vulgar minds—he spent his time as became a true son of St. Dominic, labouring for the preservation of the faith, inculcating its morality, dispensing its blessings, and proving, however unconsciously, that he was a living commentary on the holy rule he professed. Most marked, indeed, was the contrast between the humble chapel of the Limerick convent and those splendid temples of Toledo, where he passed his youth; but if the poverty and simplicity of the former ever caused him a regret, he assuredly had wherewith to console him, when he reflected that the highest efforts of human genius could produce no ornament so worthy of God's house as that true piety and faith of which he was a daily witness, and which his precept and example kept alive and active in willing hearts.

The deplorable absence of all documents, manuscript as well as printed, relating to the Dominican community at Limerick, during the sixteen years Father O'Brien spent there, must account for our silence on that long interval, which we may reasonably conjecture, could not have passed without incidents and episodes of thrilling interest. Fortunately, however, there is evidence enough to show that his abilities, zeal, and prudence were duly valued by his superiors at home and abroad; so much so, that he was twice elected prior of his native convent, after having already held the same grade in that of Lorragh.* But a far more responsible dignity was reserved for him in 1643, when the Dominican Chapter, assembled in the abbey of the holy Trinity, at Kilkenny, unanimously elected him their provincial. A short time previously he had seen his native city identify itself with the confederates, and we may readily imagine with what feelings of devoted gratitude he and the other members of his order must have regarded the men who restored to them that splendid temple, which William Marshall, earl of Pembroke, erected for the honour of God, and as a last resting place for himself, some few years before he closed his mortal warfare.†

Towards the end of 1643, Father O'Brien was called to Rome, to assist at a general Chapter of the Dominicans, which was held in the following year, when many ordinances were decreed for the better government of the Irish province, and the revival of the order in Ireland, where it had suffered so terribly during the persecutions of Elizabeth and James I. The Acts of this Chapter, indeed, throw strong light on the state of the Irish

* Situate in the barony of Lower Ormond, and founded by Walter de Burgo earl of Ulster, in 1269. For many interesting particulars relating to this famed monastery, see *Hib. Dom.*, p. 274, et seq.

† The Black Abbey, which the Dominicans are now restoring, was founded by the earl of Pembroke, in 1225, and he was there buried in the choir, A.D. 1231. De Burgo (*Hib. Dom.* p. 205), describes it as in most ruinous state when he was writing; and he further tells us, that five Dominican bishops of Ossory were interred within its precincts. We need hardly say that the Dominicans, who can boast some of the grandest sculptors, architects, and painters the world has seen, deserve the highest praise for their efforts in behalf of this historic edifice.

Church at the period, and it is only reasonable to suppose that we are indebted to O'Brien for the valuable information they contain. As provincial he must have been consulted by the general on all matters affecting the order in Ireland; and, doubtless, it was he who, when a question was raised about precedence between the Irish priors, decided the point by a quotation from an ancient manuscript, preserved in the works of Sir James Ware.* In fact, there can be little doubt that the council was mainly guided by Father O'Brien's judgment in all its decisions regarding "Dominican Ireland," for, assuredly, there was no Irishman then present better qualified than he to deal with subjects of such great importance. We may also remark, that his inspirations are clearly perceptible in the projected revival of Dominican schools in Dublin, Limerick, Cashel, Athenry, and Coleraine, and also in those decrees which have special reference to the Irish Dominican institutions for men and women in Lisbon. It was he, doubtless, who moved that all the alms given to the far-famed miraculous image† of the Blessed Virgin at Youghal, should be applied to the use of the Dominican convent of that town; and we may further state that it was he who recommended that the convent of St. Peter's Cell, in Limerick, should be confirmed to dame Catherine Duggan, and the other ladies who resided with her there. These few facts show that the council entertained profound respect for Father O'Brien's wisdom and experience; and, indeed, the general of the order was so thoroughly convinced of his deserts, that he would not suffer him to leave Rome without some sensible mark of his appreciation. He, therefore, sanctioned the decree which raised O'Brien to a mastership in theology, and he further enhanced this honour by appointing him judge in Munster, with ample powers to decide all controversies that might arise regarding the ancient limits and boundaries of the Dominican convents in that province.‡

As soon as the council terminated its sessions, O'Brien set out for Lisbon, to visit the Dominican houses which had been founded in that city by O'Daly, who was then engaged on his "History of the Geraldines," a work, we may observe, which is the best that has yet appeared on the subject of which it treats.§ Would to heaven that O'Daly had left us a fuller biography of his friend, for, indeed, the notices he has given of him in the "Persecutions," are meagre and most unsatisfactory. The author of the "Geraldines," however, could not have foreseen the fate that was in reserve for O'Brien, or assuredly he would have taken more pains to acquaint himself with all the particulars of his family and early life.

About the middle of July, 1644, while O'Brien was still in Lisbon, intelligence from Rome led his friends to believe that it was the intention of Urban VIII. to advance him to the coadjutorship of Emly; and, indeed, this announcement seemed so reliable, that he at once set out for Ireland, to take part in the election of his successor in the provincialate. There

* Hib. Dom., p. 115.

† Now preserved in the Dominican convent, Cork.

‡ Hist. Dom., p. 116.

§ Now translated, and published by Duffy, Dublin.

can be little doubt that pope Urban did mean to have him consecrated bishop, but as his Holiness died in the very month the nomination is said to have been made, the bulls were not dispatched; and O'Brien's promotion was consequently postponed, and did not take place before the third year of the pontificate of Innocent X. To differ with such a high authority as the learned de Burgo on a matter-of-fact, may appear rash or presumptuous, but the documentary evidence on which our statement rests, is too well authenticated to leave any doubt that that most reverend personage was mistaken as to the date of O'Brien's consecration.

On his return to Ireland, O'Brien fixed his residence in the convent of Limerick, where, as provincial and prior, he exerted himself indefatigably for the interests of his order, which had recently gained a large accession to its members from Rome, Louvain, and other places on the continent. The state of Ireland at the period called for this influx; for, indeed it was looked upon as the fitting time for the reconstruction of all those venerable corporations which had been scattered by the sword of persecution during the two preceding reigns. Now, however, a notable change had come over the entire island. The greater part of it was in the power of the confederates, who led the religious orders to believe that they should be speedily repossessed of their suppressed monasteries, and probably of a good portion of their lands, for which some of the lay-impropriators were disposed to compound. The people, it need hardly be told, were delighted at the prospect that unfolded itself to their imaginings, for they flattered themselves that they would soon exchange their inexorable lay-tyrants for ecclesiastical bodies, who, in all ages, were proverbially the best and most indulgent landlords. It was only natural that a man of O'Brien's ardent temperament should have shared the general enthusiasm; nay, and persuaded himself that the religious communities were on the eve of being released for ever from the trammels of those sanguinary laws which had heretofore doomed them to death and expatriation. May we not therefore suppose that he counted on seeing his own order re-established, its grand old sanctuaries restored to their rightful owners, and the youth of the land frequenting Dominican schools, as they did in those days when the friars-preachers built the *first* bridge across the Liffey for the convenience of their scholars? At that moment, indeed, the course of events was calculated to confirm his belief in these forecastings; and if it ever occurred to him that they were nothing more than pleasing illusions, surely all misgivings must have vanished when he heard that a high minister from the holy see had already landed on the Irish coast, bringing with him arms, specie, and munitions for the encouragement and maintenance of the confederate Catholics.

Although Rinuccini's correspondence does not mention the fact, there is every reason to suppose that father O'Brien was present at the grand reception given to that personage on his arrival in Limerick at the close of

* The school under the invocation of St. Thomas Aquino stood in Usher's Island, and the Dominicans erected the bridge in 1428.

October, 1645; nor can we doubt that he assisted in another solemnity that took place in Limerick, when the nunzio, accompanied by Walsh, archbishop of Cashel, the clergy, secular and regular, and the entire garrison, walked to St. Mary's, to give God thanks for the signal defeat which the Scotch covenanters had sustained at Benburb, where they were utterly routed by Owen O'Neill, at the head of the northern Irish. All Limerick was astir on this occasion, and the nunzio himself tells us that even the windows were filled with groups anxious to get a sight of the tattered banners that were wrested from the covenanters on the victorious field. How could the provincial of the Dominicans and prior of Limerick be absent at a moment of such thrilling solemnity? A few days afterwards there was another display of a similar character in the streets of the ancient city, when the nunzio went again to St. Mary's, to chant "*Te Deum*"* for the fall of Bunratty, where he himself directed the siege operations, and Father Collins, a Dominican, crucifix in hand, led the storming party to the breach, and drove the enemy out of their entrenchments. The acquisition of this place was a matter of great moment to the confederates of Limerick, and as its capture was in some measure due to a simple Dominican priest, it is more than likely that his provincial did not absent himself from the solemnity which Rinuccini caused to be observed in honour of such an important event.

As the foregoing notices of Father O'Brien are at best only conjectural, we now turn to others that are beyond the reach of all doubt and cavil. We have already said that he was *not* consecrated in 1644, as de Borgo and O'Daly would have us believe, and this assertion is fully borne out by the nunzio, who, in a letter dated Kilkenny, January 1st, 1646, writes thus: "Father Terence, provincial of the Dominicans, is a man of prudence and sagacity. He has been in Italy—has had considerable experience; and the bishop who wishes to have him for his coadjutor is, I am told, in very feeble health."† Eight months after the date of that letter, that is to say, in August (1646), when the bishop of Emly was on the point of death, the nunzio wrote again to Rome, recommending various candidates for dioceses that were then either vacant or about to be so, and among others, he distinctly names O'Brien, "as one who deserved the highest advancement Rome could bestow, and whose claims and qualifications were duly

* In a letter, dated Limerick, 19th July, 1646, the nunzio says—"At Bunratty we have taken ten stands of colours from the English, and we will cause them to be carried in procession when we go to sing '*Te Deum*.'"—Nunz., p. 150. It may be worth remarking, that Rinuccini was very desirous to familiarise the Irish with pageants of this sort, which he knew could not fail to produce deep, if not lasting, impressions on their sensitive minds. One good result may have attended this introduction of continental custom, for the Irish soldiers, who usually dispersed and went home with whatever plunder they got on the battle-field, were thus kept together and rendered more amenable to discipline. It is almost unnecessary to state that a great part of Owen O'Neill's troops broke up after the fight at Benburb, and returned home with the spoil of Munroe's camp. "The gossoons," says a contemporary writer, "ran off with the silk, cloth of gold, etc., and made them into hat-bands."—Aph. Discov. (MS.)

† Nunz., pp. 84, 152.

set forth in a memorial which the clergy had forwarded in his favour. The answer, however, did not reach Ireland till October, 1647, when Rinuccini had the satisfaction of learning that the holy see sanctioned O'Brien's promotion, and that of the other candidates for whom he was interested. O'Brien's consecration was solemnized in the following November, but we confess our inability to name the church where the ceremony was performed. It is certain, however, that the nunzio acted as consecrating prelate on the occasion; and there is some reason for believing that the function took place in Kilkenny, either in the Dominican church, or in the cathedral of St. Canice.*

Having now attained the dignity to which he was well entitled, O'Brien lost no time in taking possession of his see, and making provision for the flock committed to his charge. But the condition of his people at that period was truly deplorable, and the wild raids of the renegade Inchiquin afforded him little opportunity for tending his diocese as he would fain have done. The victory of Conoc-na-noss† made Inchiquin absolute master of nearly all Munster for a while, and no part of it suffered so fearfully as the district lying west of Cashel. Brief space, therefore, had the bishop for repairing and reconciling the dismantled and desecrated churches; and as Inchiquin hated the nunzio, we may readily conceive with what feelings he must have regarded a prelate who, though of his own name and race, was devotedly and zealously attached to the policy of the Italian. Nevertheless, O'Brien did all he could for his poor flock, exhorting them to patience and endurance under their hard trials, and labouring as well as the circumstances of the times allowed to keep the faith alive and active in their hearts. It is needless to observe, that in performing these duties he exposed himself to great risk, and had to be constantly on his guard against Inchiquin's followers, many of whom, like their chief, were recreants to creed and country. Withal, he did his work earnestly and efficiently, breaking the bread of life to the young and old on the hill sides and in the glens, till the Ulster Irish, under Owen O'Neill, swooped down on the plains of Munster, drove Inchiquin before them, and placed the Catholics once more in possession of their churches. Triumphs such as these, however, were short lived, and the reverses that followed in quick succession compelled the pastor to leave his flock in charge of a vicar, while he himself was absent at Kilkenny, advocating the nunzio's policy—condemning the truce with Inchiquin, and approving the fatal recourse to excommunication and interdict against all abettors of that unsatisfactory adjustment. Anticipating the consequences of this proceeding, the nunzio fled to Galway, to watch

* The nunzio's letter, acknowledging receipt of official intelligence concerning the newly appointed bishops is dated Kilkenny, where he seems to have resided very constantly during the greater part of November (1647), and this leads us to think that O'Brien may have been consecrated in that city. As to the precise time when the ceremony took place there can be no doubt that it was in the aforesaid year and month; for Lynch's MS. informs us that O'Brien was executed when he had completed the fourth year of his episcopate.

† November 13, 1647.

the course of events, and make preparations for his departure from the scene of his ill-starred mission.

Meanwhile, lord Ormond had returned to Ireland, resumed the government, and intimated that the nunzio must leave the kingdom with all possible speed. As for Ormond, some of the bishops—French, of Ferns; O'Dwyer, of Limerick; and John, archbishop of Tuam—hailed his arrival as the harbinger of a new era, and employed all their logic to convince their colleagues that the salvation of Ireland could not be effected till it accepted his dictatorship, or in other words, submitted itself to his guidance. It was deemed expedient, therefore, to get up a congratulatory address embodying this sentiment; and the prelates we have named wrote to Walsh, archbishop of Cashel; Comerford, bishop of Waterford, and O'Brien, of Emly, inviting them to Kilkenny, to take part in the proceeding which, as was alleged, had already been approved at Rome. O'Brien obeyed the summons; but on finding that the projected address was nowise authorised by the holy see, he made his escape from Kilkenny,* and set out for Galway, to give the unfortunate nunzio the last proof of his unaltered allegiance. He was not destined, however, to have that melancholy satisfaction, for on arriving at a village, within three miles of Galway, word was brought him, that the "San Pietro" had come round from Waterford, and sailed with the nunzio and his suite for the coast of France. What could O'Brien do but wish his friend and patron a fair wind to wait him on his way, and keep him clear of the parliamentary ships that were then cruising in the Irish waters under the command of the notorious Plunket?

Notwithstanding all the difficulties that beset him for his devotedness to Rinuccini's policy, O'Brien returned to his diocese soon after the former had taken his departure, and remained there toiling for his flock till May, 1650, when the progress of the Cromwellians compelled him to return to Galway. At that period Munster was a scene of desolation and carnage, and among those who sealed their loyalty with their blood was Boetius Egan,† bishop of Ross, whom Broghill executed in the

* Nunz. 372.

† Another prelate of the same name, surname, and religious order, held the see of Elphin at this period. He was born at Park, county Galway, made his religious profession at Louvain, in 1611, and was appointed to the see of Elphin, on the recommendation of Florence Conry, archbishop of Tuam, in 1626. This Dr. Egan had a memorable controversy with the abbat of Boyle, who thought to exempt himself from his diocesan's jurisdiction, and was subsequently styled "Abbas Bullensis, filius sacrilegii." We may also add that Egan was a very learned man, and composed a treatise on "Obsolete Irish Words," and had it published at Louvain, in 1643. This work, which is not noticed by Ware, he dedicated to brother Michael O'Cleary, O.S.F. Dr. Egan resided constantly with Ulick Burke, at Glinak, till the confederates gave him possession of his see, when he rebuilt and inhabited the episcopal palace of Elphin. Lynch, who was personally acquainted with him, says that he was profoundly versed in the Irish idiom, very hospitable, and a munificent patron of learning. The same high authority states that Dr. Egan always wore the Franciscan habit under his episcopal apparel, and could never be induced to use any shirt but the coarse flannel one

neighbourhood of Carrigadrohid. A brave and energetic prelate, indeed, was that good Boetius—and even at the risk of being pronounced tedious, we may not omit a brief notice of him. He was a native of Duhallow, in the county of Cork, took the habit in the Franciscan monastery of Louvain, was the contemporary and friend of Colgan, Fleming, and other great men, whose names are famous in Irish literature, and returned to Ireland many years before the insurrection of 1641. The nunzio esteemed him highly; thought him the fittest man for the see of Ross; and, despite the opposition of Muskerry and others of lord Ormond's partisans, he had him appointed, and consecrated in 1648. The Ormondists were loud in their outcries against his advancement, strove to withhold from him the temporalities of his see, and did their utmost to deprive him of a seat in the assembly, on the plea that the pope could confer no temporal barony in Ireland. All this clamour, however, was overruled by Rinuccini and the Irish bishops, and Boetius Egan accordingly took his place in the legislature. As a matter of course, he remained unshaken in his fidelity to the nunzio, seconded all his views, and endeavoured to have them carried out in his diocese. His tenure of the episcopate was brief, indeed; for when the Cromwellians had overrun Carberry, he was obliged to betake himself to the fastnesses of Kerry, where David Roche had cantoned some six or seven hundred confederate soldiers. Along with this force the bishop marched into the county Cork, and on the 1st May, 1650, just as the vanguard had reached Macroom, lord Broghill attacked and routed it, and made the bishop prisoner. Broghill, we need hardly say, was a merciless scoundrel; for although he had pledged his word that no harm should be done the captive prelate, he, nevertheless, caused him to be hung with the reins of his horse, on a hill overlooking Carrigadrohid, and there left his remains, till they were removed, at dead of night, by some commiserating peasants, who buried them in the ancient cemetery of Aghina.

In August of the same year (1650), O'Brien acted with those prelates, who, after discarding lord Ormond, and insisting on the appointment of Clanricarde as viceroy, sent a deputation to the duke of Lorraine, offering him the protectorate of Ireland, on certain conditions, which, as we have seen in a former paper, were never realised. He then returned to his diocese and after a brief sojourn there, fixed his final abode in Limerick, just as Ireton was marching on that devoted city.

As the history of the siege is too well known to need repetition here, our notices must be limited to such passages as have special reference to the

prescribed by the rule of St. Francis. He passed the two last years of his life in the monastery of Kilconnel, where he erected a monument for himself in the chapter house. A silver chalice which belonged to him is still preserved in the Franciscan convent of Athlone. He died in 1650, in the seventieth year of his age, and thirty-fifth of his episcopate. O'Mullally, archbishop of Tuam, who died at Galway, 1536, and was buried in the choir of Rosserilly convent, was a special benefactor to the community of Kilconnel, the antependium of which bore the following inscription, (copied by the author of "*Cambrensis Eversus*," when he was a very young boy.) "*D. Thomas O'Mullally, Archiepiscopus Tuamie singularis benefactor nostri ordinis.*"

bishop of Emly, and, indeed, it is almost superfluous to state that his conduct, during that six months' memorable struggle, was honourable and heroic to the last. In the midst of the pestilence which carried off five thousand citizens, he proved himself a man of zeal and charity, and in the council chamber, where a clique of craven traitors from time to time insisted on the necessity of capitulating, he protested energetically against all accommodation with Ireton. It has been said that the latter offered him a large sum of money, with freedom to go where he liked, provided he exerted himself to induce the garrison to surrender, but although such assertion may be gratuitous, there are instances enough so show that he was as true as he was uncompromising. O'Dwyer, bishop of Limerick, and Walsh, archbishop of Cashel, were within the walls during the siege, but neither of them acted the brave and manly part which earned for O'Brien the inexorable hostility of Ireton. The two former dignitaries, indeed, laboured unsparingly in the pest-house for the spiritual comfort of the plague-stricken, and in the hospitals, which were crowded by soldiers mortally wounded; but O'Brien, instead of confining himself to hospital or pest-house, made the ramparts the scene of his charity, and there, like cardinal Ximenes,* and other fighting prelates, with whose history his Spanish studies made him acquainted, he filled the double role of priest and soldier, encouraging the fainthearted, and absolving the moribund as they fell at his feet.

It must also be recorded to his honor, that he sternly opposed Ireton's proposals from first to last, and did his utmost to convince the council of war that the city had abundant resources to sustain a more protracted siege; and finally, that approaching winter, dearth, and spread of infection must compel the parliamentarian general to break up his camp, and retire from before the walls. The divisions, however, that grew rife in the town, and above all, the treason of Fennell, whom major-general O'Neill so unwisely spared at Clonmel, marred all his patriotic efforts, and gave Limerick to Ireton. The latter, as might be expected, could not but regard O'Brien as his mortal and persistent enemy, and, notwithstanding all negotiations which were attempted in his behalf, nothing could induce Ireton to include him in the list of those who were "received to pardon."

Knowing the fate that was in reserve for him, when the city surrendered, O'Brien retired to the pest-house, not, indeed, for the purpose of secreting himself, as has been commonly thought, but rather that he might devote the last moments of his life to the benefit of his suffering fellow-citizens, and prepare himself for death. The officers who were charged with his arrest found him thus employed, and they instantly conducted him to the head-quarters of Ireton, who told him that he was to be tried by a court-martial, and imprisoned till the sentence was found. O'Brien heard this without moving a muscle; and when Ireton demanded did he want

* In 1509 he commanded the expedition that was sent to take Oran, and when the Spanish troops disembarked, he rode along the lines with a sword at his side, and made an animated speech to the soldiers, declaring that he had come to peril his own life in the cause of the Cross as his predecessors had done before him. See *Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella*, v. iii., p. 268.

counsel, he calmly replied, that all he required was his confessor. This, boon was granted, and Father Hanrahan,† a member of his own order, was suffered to pass the whole day and night of the 30th October with him in his prison cell. On the following evening the finding of the court was announced to him, as he lay half stripped on a pallet, and the officer who was commissioned with this lugubrious duty gave him to understand that the sentence was to be carried out on the instant. On hearing this he got up to dress himself, but before he had time to do so, the provost-marshal's guard pinioned his arms, and thrust him out of the cell almost in a state of nudity. It was only natural that his fine sense of delicacy should resent this cruel insult, but finding that all remonstrances were lost on the posse who surrounded him, he paused an instant, as if to collect himself, and said, in a solemn tone, that "the time was not distant when Ireton should stand before God's tribunal to account for his bloody deeds." Surely they must have jeered him as a prophet of evil!

It was a long way from the prison to the place of execution, and as the cortege proceeded it was encountered at every step by sights more appalling than that of a man going to the gallows. For two days previously Ireton's troops had been allowed to pillage and slay as they liked, and there was hardly a house that did not bear witness to their fierce licentiousness. Windows shattered, doors wrenched from the hinges, corpses of men and women lying stark in the kennels, wares of every sort scattered and trodden under foot, showed that destructiveness had revelled to satiety. No living thing appeared along the route of that sad procession, and the universal stillness would have been unbroken were it not for the heavy tread of the doomed man's escort, and the ringing of their weapons as they clinked on the pavement. O'Brien, however, conducted himself with his accustomed firmness, and though distressed at being obliged to parade the deserted thoroughfares on that winter's evening in a state little short of absolute nakedness, his step was as steady and his bearing erect as either could have been on that memorable day when he followed the trophies of Benburb to St. Mary's cathedral.

Arrived at foot of the gibbet, he knelt and prayed till he was commanded to arise and mount the ladder. He obeyed, seized the rungs with vigorous grasp, and turned round, as if anxious to ascertain whether any of the citizens had ventured abroad to witness his death-scene. Having satisfied himself that some few of them were present, and within reach of

† He wrote a book entitled "*De Roseto Prædicatorio Hiberniæ*," which, according to Lynch, contained what we presume must have been a biography of O'Brien. Lynch speaks of the bishop's arrest and execution thus:—"Post quinque dies (i. e. counting from the time when the citizens began to negotiate with Ireton,) "*supra menses sex a cæpta obsidione, vincula injiciuntur ei, et altero, post deditam urbem, ad locum supplicii non tam trahitur quam letus incedit et sic spiritum emisit in prævigilia Sanctorum, quorum consortio illud additum esse confidimus, quod vitam virtutibus excultam, et incontinentiæ labe semper immunem (ut R. P. Dion. Hanrahan qui generalem ejus confessionem biduo ante obitum exceperit in suo Roseto Prædicatorio Hiberniæ testatur) martyrio clausit.*"

his voice, he exhorted them to continue true to the faith of their fathers, and hope for better days, when God would turn in mercy on unhappy Ireland. A few moments more, and his soul was with the just. Thus did Terence Albert O'Brien pass out of this life, on All Saints' Eve, 1651. As soon as life was extinct, the executioner lowered the body to the ground, and after the soldiers had discharged their muskets at it, he hacked off the head, and impaled it on the tower of St. John's gate, where it remained for many a day, a ghastly evidence of Ireton's vindictiveness.*

O'Brien's execution was speedily followed by that of many priests of the Dominican order, among the most distinguished of whom were Fathers Wolf and Collins. The one belonged to an ancient Limerick family, which had already given a hostage to the Church in the person of the celebrated legate of the same name; and as for Collins, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader that it was he who led the storming party at Bunratty. Both were sentenced by a court-martial, and both died as became them, with christian courage and christian hope. Ireton, indeed, dealt unsparingly with the Dominicans, for he knew that they were the nunzio's most faithful and uncompromising adherents, and that every member of the order, with one solitary exception, † advocated his policy, not only while he was in Ireland, but when he was far away in his principality of Fermo. Persistently heroic during the siege, they exhibited the same undaunted composure on the scaffold, and their conduct in the latter instance contrasted strongly with that of the temporizing major-general Purcell, ‡ who swooned at sight of the halter, and had to be assisted by two musketeers while mounting the ladder. §

Among the laymen who suffered at this time there were two whom we may not pass over in silence. These were Dominic Fanning and a personage whom a contemporary manuscript styles the baron of Castleconnell. Fanning, we need hardly say, was in the interest of the nunzio's party throughout, and when the city surrendered, he fled and secreted himself

* Three days after this bloody transaction Ireton wrote to Speaker Lenthall thus :—" It hath pleased God, since the surrender to discover, and deliver into our hands two persons of principal activity and influence in the obstinate holding out, the bishop of Emly and major-general Purcell, whom we presently hanged, and have set up their heads on the gates."

† Namely, Father Dominic de Burgo, lord Clanricarde's confessor. Rinuccini styles him "*Uomo superbo ed arrogante.*" but it would appear from O'Heyne's "*Epilogus Chronologicus*" (Lovanii, 1706,) that he finally repented his opposition to the nunzio. "*Pœnituit altæ resistentiæ factæ ab eo Apostolico Legato. Infirmatus est an. 1649, ex qua infirmitate mortuus est pie et resignanter, munitus sacramentis ecclesiæ eodem anno.*" For this extract from O'Heyne's rare volume, the writer is indebted to the Rev. Father Russell, O.P., prior of the Dominican convent, Esker, whose learning and amiability are so well known at home and abroad.

‡ The author of the "*Aphorismical Discovery*," speaking of Purcell, says, with less reverence than sarcasm, that "he was always a prime factionist, and in his last moments he became the good thief at the right side of the Saviour's cross."

§ Ludlow's Memoirs.

in the tomb of his ancestors in the Franciscan church.* While lying hid there, a corps-de-garde entered the place, and lit a fire for the purpose of cooking; and when Fanning saw them thus employed, he crept out, and begrimed as he was, sat down to warm himself. The captain of the party kicked him off, and he then endeavoured to escape out of the city, but was arrested at the gate, brought back, and being identified, was immediately hanged. The servant, it seems, involved himself soon afterwards with the soldiers, and in a scuffle that ensued he was killed on the spot by the captain who had driven Fanning from the fire. The writer of whom we are indebted for this information, gives the following account of the baron of Castleconnell:—"Being sentenced to die, he applied to Ireton for respite of execution till his return from his lodgings, where he broke open his trunks, and finding there a new suit of white taffetty, he attired himself in it. He then rode gallantly to the place of execution, and behaved so jocosely that he caused wonder. Being asked about change of clothes, he replied 'that if to marry a creature he would have done no less, why should I not do so now when I believe I am about to marry heaven?'"† Who this baron was we have not been able to ascertain, but it may be remarked that the title was in dispute at that period. Of O'Dwyer, bishop of Limerick, and the archbishop of Cashel, we have only to add that Ludlow pleaded for the former, that he did not belong to the extreme or nunzio's party, and that the latter had the same extenuating circumstances in his favour. O'Dwyer was suffered to escape, and the archbishop went quietly away, "both," says the author already quoted, "being protected because they were of the party of Ormond and Clanricarde."

It was on the 10th of November, when all this cold-blooded butchery was done, that Ireton was seized with the epidemic, (dysentery,) which had been ravaging the whole island for nearly an entire year. Betaking himself to the tall, old gabled house,‡ close by the Tholsel, he grew gradually worse and more faint, and, at length, inflammatory fever supervened. "In his delirium," says Sir Philip Warwick, "he shouted repeatedly, 'blood! blood! I must have more blood!'"§ and, if we may believe other writers who had similar opportunities for informing themselves concerning the last moments of this cruel man, the bishop of Emly was so palpably before him, that he had to turn his face to the wall to avoid the horrid sight. In the wild outbursts of his frenzy he over and over again repeated that he was guiltless of the bishop's death, that he had no hand in it, and that the court-martial alone was responsible for the sentence and execution.|| These, however, were nothing more than echoes of a guilty conscience, unsoftened by a single expression of regret

* It was then dilapidated and turned into a tannery.

† Aphorismal Discovery.

‡ It is still standing, and for the knowledge of this fact the writer returns his thanks to the Rev. Michael Malone, St. Mary's, Limerick—the most distinguished literary ecclesiastic in that diocese.

§ Memoirs of Charles I.

|| De Marinis in Hib. Dom. p. 489.

or repentance—unavailing protestations and arguments thrown away on the bloody spectre that never quit his bedside till God called him to judgment, after sixteen days of unmitigated suffering.* Need we say that O'Brien's prophecy was fulfilled, and may we not suppose that he confronted his murderer at God's tribunal!

There can be no doubt that Ireton's conduct to O'Brien was merciless and exceptionable, for he pardoned Hugh O'Neill, who was as obstinate as the bishop in refusing to capitulate; nay, more, had Ireton been disposed to act considerately or impartially, he surely would have discovered that the man by whom he was beaten at Clonmel, and who left him nothing there but "a breached and bloody wall," was less entitled to mercy than an ecclesiastical dignitary, who, as such, was nowise amenable to a military tribunal. The remonstrances of his officers induced him to cancel the sentence pronounced against O'Neill, and O'Dwyer, though excepted from the articles of treaty, received protection at his hands. Why he did not extend the same benefit to O'Brien we cannot say, but it may be fairly presumed that any kindly feeling he possessed must have been neutralised by his intense hatred of that illustrious personage.

In conclusion, let us mention a fact not generally known. Ireton not only pardoned O'Neill, but conferred on him unmistakable proofs of his esteem and friendship, "for," says the MS. authority from which these particulars are taken, "so tender was he (Ireton) of O'Neill's safety, that he charged his lieutenant, upon pain of his displeasure, to wait on him; and when he was on the point of death, he commanded his said lieutenant to use all good behaviour to the Irish general, and send him with his corse into England. He also bestowed on him three horses, one for himself, the other two for two servants to wait on him, with a lackey, all at his (Ireton's) proper expense. And so it was, for Hugh O'Neill accompanied the remains to London, and he was there released." The corse, we need hardly add, was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey,† but it does not appear that O'Neill was present when John Owen, minister of the Gospel, delivered Ireton's funeral oration, which he afterwards published, under the title of "The Labouring Saint's Dismission to Rest."‡

* He died Nov. 26, 1651.

† February 6, 1651.

‡ It will be found in the Thorpe papers.

M.

GILLA HUGH, OR THE PATRIOT MONK, AND OTHER POEMS.*

THE book before us calls back the remembrance of the dear child of genius just dead—God rest her sweet soul—Adelaide Procter. To be the "singer of a noble poem" was amongst her dreams of honour—and "Gilla Hugh" is a noble poem. The author, hitherto unknown, bids fair, if he continue to

* "Gilla Hugh, or the Patriot Monk," and other poems, by T. Condon. Cork, 1864.

write such, to take a very high place amongst the "few and rare" who deserve the name of "poet," and to add another to the long list of illustrious names which have justly won for Cork the enviable title of "Athens of Ireland." His evident hatred of Saxon rule has not extended itself to Saxon language, for his English is as racy and pure as Oxford could make it, and flows in rhyme singularly sweet, natural, and easy. But the story is Irish every line of it. Irish in its subject, for he has made a happy choice of one of the most glorious events in our national history—Irish in its patriotic sentiment—Irish in the deep Catholic and devotional feeling which is, to our mind, the chief attraction of the work—sustaining it throughout, and making the characters so interesting because so true. The metre and construction of the poem bear strong resemblance to Scott's "Marmion," but the characters are far more noble and truthful than some of Sir Walter's; whilst, with happier choice of subject, instead of leading us to

. . . "Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield,"

our poet brings us to "Ossory's plain," to

"Raise the victors' deafning cry,
The vanquished Saxons wildly fly.
Let Erin shout, the field is won,
Dead foes around are thickly strewn,
And the hard task of battle's done."

Monks and nuns there be here, as in Marmion, not as Sir Walter, but as God made them; knights full of honour, and maiden purity. The poem consists of an introduction and eight cantos—time, the twelfth century—and tells of the great battle of Ossory, where Roderick, the King of Connaught, met and utterly defeated the first of our English invaders, Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke. The scene opens in a fair abbey, which, seven hundred years ago, crowned one of the many hills which surround "the beautiful city." The abbey itself and surrounding scenery are most sweetly and truthfully described. Six hundred monks and students were there,

"And many a dark-eyed youth of Spain,
And embrowned son of Italy,
Mingled amid the Celtic train,
And shared their hospitality:
Welcome were they to hall and board,
And to a share in all the lore,
Within Saint Finn Barr's abbey stored,
And freely given to rich and poor.
Great was the fame of Erin then,
Thro' Christian Europe's farthest ken,
For generous, wise, and holy men."

Within the abbey dwelt two student youths, who in their young ardour and the strength of their love of country, joined the army of King Roderick, and are in part the heroes of the story. The next canto introduces us to

the saintly abbot, Gilla Hugh O'Mween, who gives his name to the poem, inasmuch as he was the heart and soul of the patriotism of Munster, which rallied round Roderick O'Connor the Ard-righ.

"A man of powerful frame was he,
Well knit, with easy motion free,
Broad shoulder'd too, of stature high,
With dome like brow, and deep-set eye.
Whose gray beam pour'd in mildness soft,
To keener glance would change full oft :
His silver hairs were thinly spread
Around his finely-formed head ;
And covering his deep, rounded chest,
His flowing beard hung down his breast ;

I wot, a man so dignified,
Without a particle of pride,
So firmly brave, so sweetly kind,
'Twere hard in Christendom to find."

It would be hard, where all is so really good, to make selections, but we were greatly struck with the beauty of the "Hymn to the Blessed Virgin," sung by the Irish maiden in the third canto ; and the exquisite legends of "O'Tuohy and the Dane," of "King Guaire and the Leper," which are told in the fourth. The grandest portion of the poem, however, is the sixth canto, in which are described the march of King Roderick from Castleknock—the gathering of the clans to him as he went along, and the great battle of Ossory. Here the poet proves that "he knew himself, to sing and build the lofty rhyme," for the king's march is described in verse, which flows with the ease and grandeur of the true epic. They set out from Castleknock :

"Beneath lay dark-brow'd Astagobe,
Where slow the winding Liffey flowed,
Trailing its glittering silver robe,
On which the gleaming moonlight glowed ;
Yet still along the northern side
They held, nor cross'd the shallow tide,
Until at thickly wooded Clane,
McDonnell joined the marching train."

Then follows, after the manner of old Homer, the naming of the chiefs. Last came O'Tuohy, chief of Muskerry, the true hero of the tale, whose "sword, like meteor star, flashed through the dark midnight of war;" and the brave Roderick, with his gallant army, camped on the banks of the Suir—

"They rested them that day and night,
And when the gray autumnal light,
From morning's brow began to steal
Along the woods of Britta's hill,
Rolling the misty clouds away
That veil'd the sides of Farranreigh,
And thick on Lachtnagalla lay ;
They saw the Saxon harness shine
In deep, well-order'd battle line,

Advancing quick from Thurles now,
Along the marshy vale below.

“There reined his steed in haughty guise
Fitz Gerald of the flashing eyes,
Who never turned him from the foe
While strength remain'd to strike a blow.
And there rode William de Aldemmel,
And fiery Hugo Gondavil,
Fitz Bernard, Barry, Cogan, and
Fitz Henry, treacherous and bland;
With many a knight besides, whose name
Was shadow'd by the other's fame.”

King Roderick, addresses his troops, after which “the aged minstrel poured forth the battle song”—

“Now rang the battle's dreadful cry,
The word on either side was given,
And foemen tow'rd each other fly,
Like stormy clouds on winter even.”

The battle, which is admirably described, ended as we know, in the complete and ignominious rout of Strongbow and his adherents.

“The chronicles of Erin tell
That of the Saxon legions fell
Seven hundred and a thousand men,
Wounded or dead upon the plain.”

But, alas! what availed it. The next canto tells us of the landing of Henry from England, with powerful reinforcements; whilst Roderick, having neglected to pursue his victory at Ossory, is obliged to fall back beyond the Shannon into his kingdom of Connaught; and of the disgraceful submission of the Irish chieftains; whilst Gilla Hugh, crushed beneath the ruin of all that he had reared up, dies broken-hearted for the present shame and the terrible future of sorrow which he foresaw for his country. The interest of the poem is sustained throughout, and not the least admirable feature of it is the amount of real learning of Irish history, geography, and language which it reveals. The author is a true Irishman, and he has given us a tale of joy and sorrow, of glory and shame, which will be read with more than pleasure wherever the dear old land is loved, and her heroic history cherished.

There are also, in the book, a number of miscellaneous poems and ballads. The first and most beautiful is the legend of Maelshuan O'Carrool, the penitent, which is as feelingly told, and with touches of as genuine poetry, as anything we have read for a long time. The following sonnet speaks for itself—

“When, to vile fear a slave, the Roman chief,
In days of old, addressed the ruffian crowd,
And pointing to the thorn-crown'd man of grief,
Proposed the unholy choice in accents loud:

'Give us,' they cried, Barabbas, murderer, thief;
 Let Christ expire.' And lo! in anguish bowed,
 Did Jesus die, but from the dead arose,
 On the third day, with glorious dazzling brow,
 And in dismay dispersed the affrighted foes
 That watched his tomb—O Pius, thus shalt thou,
 Unconquered, rise in triumph over those
 Who choose a robber king before thee now;
 And he who dares usurp thy crown, by woes
 Unnumbered girt, shall yet before thee bow."

The specimen of translation from Dante's "Inferno," in which the rhyme and metre, the turn of thought and phrase of the great Florentine, are rendered into English with strange force and fidelity, would lead us to hope that the author would undertake the translation of the entire *Divina Comedia*, which, we feel convinced, would be eminently successful. The correctness and style in which the book is brought out reflect great credit on Mr. Mulcahy, and altogether the book is sure to have a wide circulation; and those who read it once will read it again, and thank the poet.

FAR AWAY.

There's a sweet little nook in a shady green lane,
 Far away, far away from the world and its care—
 And vain is the world—every pleasure is vain—
 To blot from my memory the hours I've passed there—
 As wrapped in the sunshine of fancy I lay
 In that sweet little nook far away, far away.

There's a sweet little flower that blossoms alone,
 Where the willows hang wooingly over the stream,
 And its tints in the waters, less vividly shown,
 Are like manhood's reflection of youth's joyous dream,
 Ere the world and its glitter allured me to stray
 From that sweet little nook far away, far away.

Ah! who would not choose, like the flower, to live
 With beauty around, and o'erhead the bright sky,
 And scorn all that wealth and ambition can give—
 The streamlet's light ripple, the willows' sad sigh—
 When, like memories of childhood, the winds softly play
 Round that sweet little nook far away, far away.

P.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM HUGH O'NEILL RELATING TO THE EXECUTION OF HUGH NA GAVELAGH.

HUGH NA GAVELAGH, i. e. "the Fettered," was one of the base sons of Shane O'Neill, and bore that strange designation because he came into the world during his mother's imprisonment. Grown to man's estate, and being actuated by a deadly hatred to Hugh O'Neill, whom he meant to ruin, he wrote to lord Burghley that the renowned chieftain was engaged in traitorous practices with the Spanish court, through the agency of certain captains who had escaped from the wreck of the Armada, and that he (Na Gavelagh) was willing to prove the charge by combat, or upon oath, as Fitzwilliam, the lord deputy, might think fit. The latter forbade the combat, and, as will appear from the subjoined letter, entered into arrangements which pacified both parties for a time. The earl of Tyrone, however, took the law into his own hands, and had Na Gavelagh executed for various robberies and murders, as he sets forth in his "Answers," the most remarkable portion of which is his denial of having played the role of executioner on the occasion. Camden, the historian, and others, charge O'Neill with having hanged Gavelagh with his own hands; and what is still more strange, Sir Nicholas White, the Master of the Rolls in Ireland, makes the same allegation in the following extract from his letter, (dated Dublin, January 29, 1590):—

To the Right Hon. Lord Burghley, Lord High Treasurer of England.

"The earl of Tyrone hath played a strange part of late in hanging of one of Shane O'Neill's sons, called Hugh na Gavelagh, contrary to the express commandment of the lord deputy and council, sent him from Galway, where we heard of his apprehension. Sir Turlough* taketh this in heavy part, because that in July last he took him before the lord deputy and council at Drogheda, upon himself and his peace till Easter next. The manner of his hanging was as strange. The Donnellies, which were his father's fosterers, are now the greatest men about the earl, but touching this fact they stood utterly against him. First, they offered the earl for redemption of this gentleman's life three hundred horses, and all O'Donnellie's *keriaight*,† which were above five thousand cows. And that being refused, they forbade that any man should lay hands on him, so as the earl was fain to be the executioner of him with his own hands."

"NICHOLAS WHITE."

O'Neill, however, anticipated all the charges laid against him, by proceeding to London, where he drew up what proved to be a satisfactory account of his conduct; such, indeed, as was calculated to reinstate him in the good graces of queen Elizabeth, and perplex the sagacious lord Burghley, who always distrusted him. O'Neill's letter refutes Camden's slander, and shows that, although he could not find a hangman in all Tyrone to execute even

* Turlough Lynogh, then in the English interest.

† Herds.

a base-born son of his name, he had only to send to the borders of Westmeath, to hire two ruffians for that purpose. The fact, in some measure, illustrates a well known adage, which we forbear to quote. It is worthy of remark, that among those who witnessed the execution was Art O'Hagan, who was *not* O'Neill's Attorney General, but his chief standard-bearer, and one of the principal officers of his household. The present Attorney General for Ireland is a member of the same old sept; and we need hardly add,—that, as a true Catholic, and true patriot, his high character reflects credit on the country which has such reason to be proud of his integrity and grand abilities. With this digression we now present O'Neill's Answers to the Articles, etc.—

“Articles wherewith I am charged by the lords of her majesty's most honorable privy council, and my answers as followeth :—

“First, that I came over into England without licence of the lord deputy. That I executed Hugh Gavelagh contrary to the commandment of the lord deputy, and contrary to the letter of the lord chancellor. That I executed the said Hugh Gavelagh with my own hands, when all others that were with me refused to do it. That the said Hugh was at the time of his apprehension protected by the lord deputy, and that there were great offers made unto me for the saving of his life, as 3,000 cows, divers horses, &c.

“To the first I say, that I was determined to repair to the presence of her majesty in October last, before the apprehension of Hugh Gavelagh, and did impart my said purpose to the lord deputy, who consented thereunto, as may appear by a commission under his hand for taking up of post horses, dated the 12th of November following, which hath been shewed to your lordship; and further, thus more lately at my embarking the first of this month, his lordship did not only allow of my departure, but wrote letters in my favour, as I take it wherewith I hope your lordships will be well satisfied touching my repair hither with his licence.

“To the second, I affirm that, so far as I know or have heard, Hugh Gavelagh had not any protection from the lord deputy, but was out of the queen's majesty's peace at the time of his apprehension; my reason is this, that about May last, when O'Neill (Turlough Lynogh) and I were before the lord deputy and council at Drogheda, I demanded then of his lordship who should answer for the good behaviour of Shane O'Neill's sons, whereupon O'Neill undertook for them for twenty and two days, and if in that time he did not certify to the lord deputy that he would put them from him, that then he would still be answerable for them, whereupon an act was entered in the council book. After the expiration of these 22 days, and that O'Neill had not rejected them, the said Hugh Gavelagh committed 13 several murders in my country, and many stealings upon my tenants, whereof I complained by letters to the lord deputy, and thereupon his lordship wrote of the disorder to O'Neill, and charged him with the former order taken at Drogheda, whereunto O'Neill answered that Hugh was without his rule, and therefore could not answer for him, but was con-

tented to answer for Con O'Neill, his brother. And since that time the continual misdemeanours of said Hugh Gavelagh were such, as I do verily believe the lord deputy would not grant him any protection; and to the other part of this article, I say, that after the apprehension of Hugh Gavelagh, and before his execution, I received letters from the lord chancellor taking knowledge of the apprehending of the said Hugh, and wishing me, by way of advice, that I should not execute him till the return of the lord deputy out of Connaught, which advice was the principal cause that I deferred the execution of him 14 days, as in my answer to the third article shall more largely appear; and that farther, I confess that I received a direction from the lord deputy to forbear that execution, but that was not delivered me till 8 or 9 days after that the said Hugh was dead, neither did I any way know that his lordship had any purpose to give any such warrant or direction to me till after the execution. To the third, I say that Hugh Gavelagh had many ways provoked me to do my utmost for his apprehension and execution, by committing many notable murders and spoils upon the poor followers of my country, of which I complained by many letters to the lord deputy, and after that to my honorable good friend Sir Thomas Cecil, at his being at Dungannon, where testimony was produced that many women and infants were by him murdered, besides others, that with great wounds had escaped his fury. For with respect, I had an eye unto him as to the chief disturber of the country and the peace thereof, and thereupon procured his apprehension by all the means I could. After his taking I had resolved presently to have executed him; but shortly after, having received letters of advice from the lord chancellor, as in the former article is contained, and being persuaded by my own brother Cormac O'Neill, and some other of the country, to accept of certain offers made by Bryan O'Neill, the brother of Hugh Gavelagh, I did only forbear that execution 14 days, but consented to those offers which were in effect as followeth:—That, as Bryan O'Neill was already under my government, so Con O'Neill and others of the brethren of the said Hugh, which was under O'Neill should also submit himself unto me and become my friend, and remain with me at my pleasure during these troublous times, and after that one of the three should always remain pledge for the other two by turns and at my choice, upon which condition I did promise to give them in my country sufficient maintenance; and if they failed to perform this within 14 days, then Hugh Gavelagh to be executed without any delay. To this Hugh himself, upon confidence in his brother Con, consented, and I, in the presence of the whole country, took a corporal oath to perform it. Afterwards Con O'Neill, who was then with Turlough Lynogh, came unto me for confirmation of this order—nevertheless, before he would conclude, he required respite till he might make O'Neill privy thereunto, to whom he said he was sworn not to make peace without his consent; whereupon he departed from me, and after he had spoken with O'Neill he refused the composition, or to return unto me, upon which refusal and the expiration of the 14 days, I caused the said Hugh to be executed, and this is the true circumstance of his death. But where it is alleged that I executed him with mine own

hands, therein I have wrong, for the executioners were Melaughlin, M'Murtheg, and Cormac his brother, in the presence of myself, my brother Cormac, O'Quinn, Art O'Hagan, and above one hundred others, whereof part were of the best men of the country. To the last I say that there was never any such offers of horses and cows for the saving of the said Hugh, as in the article is contained, only it was agreed that for the reward of horses and other things, as were given by my brother Cormac and me to such as apprehended him, should be repaid to us. And like as I have answered the most of these objections before the lord deputy and the council at Dublin, to their contentment, as I think, and have put in sureties to answer it hereafter to their further satisfaction; so by the course of my own education among the English, I am not altogether ignorant, but that in the strict course of her majesty's laws I might be responsible for this execution. Nevertheless, I humbly desire that consideration may be had to the place where this fact was done, and to the person, a notable murderer, and to the ancient form of government amongst us in Ulster, where there is neither magistrate, judge, sheriff, nor course of the laws of this realm, but certain customs by which both O'Neill, and I, and others of our sort do govern our followers, neither have we at any time been restrained from executing of evil doers, nor of such as be invaders of our country, or professed enemies to the same. And inasmuch as Hugh Gavelagh consented to the offer of his brother Bryan, or else at the end of 14 days to suffer death, as is before expressed, I conceive that I did no injury to the said Hugh, but if any injuries were done, it was by Con O'Neill, who fell from a reasonable composition, in whose default the execution followed. And I hope also that her majesty will consider that as her highness's lieutenant under her deputy (as I take myself within mine own territories), I am bound to do justice upon thieves and murderers, otherwise if I be restrained from such like executions, and liberty left to O'Neill, O'Donnell, and others to use their ancient customs, then should not I be able to defend my country from their violence and wrongs. But whensoever a general order shall be taken for that province to be governed by law as in other the reformed parts of that realm now it is, I will be more forward than any (ther of my sort to accomplish all her majesty's directions, and so conclude. I protest upon that duty that I owe to her majesty, that I did never know in Ulster a more dangerous man than he was like to be to her highness's estate, and therefore I esteemed it good service to her majesty to cut him off. And finally, if I should have kept him prisoner, so great was his practice, alliance, and dependency, and the faction of the rebel his father, the murderer of my father and brother, so great as I knew not where to have kept him in safety in the hands of any gentleman of the country, and to have delivered him without the conditions before offered by his brother, had been either danger or folly, or both. Nevertheless, if her majesty shall mislike hereof; and that her pleasure be signified unto me, I will most willingly observe it hereafter; and in the meantime I humbly beseech her majesty and your lordships to accept of this my answer, which I protest to be true in every point; and that it may please her majesty to show unto me her

wanted grace and favour, which I acknowledge to be my greatest comfort, and the chiefest cause of my coming over at this time.

"19th March, 1590."

"HUGHES TIRONE.

To those who wish to be more thoroughly acquainted with the subjects referred to in the foregoing document, we recommend Mitchel's *Life of Hugh O'Neill*—a work replete with thrilling interest.

M.

THE ROMANCE OF LIFE—OLD PRISONS.

BY FRANK THORPE PORTER, ESQ., A.M.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is scarcely a novelist of celebrity who has not frequently introduced his readers to the interior of a prison, and generally without exciting any repugnance to the locality and its incidents. Although the prison may disappear, and be replaced by other structures, even of a different character, its ideal existence continues, and perhaps, outlasts those that arose on its foundations, or in its immediate vicinity. In Paris, the Bastille is spoken of as if it still existed. The name is inscribed on omnibusses, and the cab-driver asks no further explanation when directed to drive—"à la Bastille." A house within a short distance of the place where it stood, displays on a sign-board a view of the old fortress-prison; and few strangers pass it during the day without pausing to gaze at the picture of a building to which history refers many fearful incidents, exaggerated, nevertheless, most enormously by the unscrupulous democrats, who introduced a reign of terror of greater extent and more sanguinary atrocity than the records of all the state prisons of France could supply. The chateau of Vincennes is an existing building, visited more from the memories of the past than for the attractions of the present, and few leave it without gazing on the spot, where, at midnight, the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien received the fatal volley, and filled an untimely grave. Many prisons in England are associated with strange local traditions or historical events; but the lapse of time, and the habits of an unromantic people, have deprived them of much of their interest. The Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and the prison of the same designation in Glasgow, have derived a lasting fame from the pen of Scott; and whilst the English language exists, the readers of the "*Heart of Mid-Lothian*," or "*Rob Roy*," will have the Tolbooths vividly impressed on their imaginations. There are anecdotes connected with the old prisons of Ireland, many of which would afford most ample materials for the writer of Romance, whilst even their simple detail would fully verify the adage—"that fact is stranger than fiction." There is also a great interest arising from the circumstances attendant on transactions of a remote period, or even on those of the last century, and the contrasts they exhibit between the former and present state of society, and even of the face of the country. Old Time, in his progress, imparts many facilities, but he likewise creates difficulties, with which former generations had not to contend; and sometimes he opposes an insurmountable obstacle. The citizen of Dublin who is

acquainted with the country lying between Lucan and Rathfarnham, would deem it an utter impossibility for the best rider now to cross from one place to the other in a direct line, yet that was achieved by a highwayman of the last century, named Laurence Coffey, who was followed, in steeple-chase style, and captured on the gently-rising hill between the gate of Marlay demesne and Whitechurch. That place is known as "Coffey's Hill;" and the delinquent, who there terminated his lawless career, closed his earthly existence soon after, having been convicted of a felony committed in the city of Dublin. The old prison from which he issued, on the day of his execution, was known as "The Black Dog," and was situated in Thomas-street; and his fate is said to have suggested to a dignitary of the Protestant Church the subject of a song, which he composed, entitled, "The Night before Larry was Stretched," and which is rumoured to have prevented the elevation of its author to a bishopric.

The old prison of "The Black Dog" has long since been demolished, and another structure of the same nature, which was within a short distance of it, has almost totally disappeared. There may still be seen a portion of the front wall of the latter, and some massy, but rusted bars of its front windows, on the right hand side of the road, as you proceed from Mount Brown to the Circular-road. The building, of which this small remnant exists, was the common gaol of the county of Dublin, until the commencement of the present century. It was considered one of the worst prisons in the kingdom, in consequence of insufficient size and lax discipline. Swift is said to have been, in his youthful days, a frequent, although not a criminal, visitor at this old prison; and there, perhaps, in the conversation of its inmates, he acquired much of the coarseness and indelicacy which mar the wit and vigour of his productions. It is not the object of this contribution to offer to its readers any specimens of the language or manners of a period when the prison walls echoed with drunken revelry, and the sorrows of a captive were aggravated by indecent buffoonery and ribald jests. It is intended to give the particulars of some curious adventures, with which the walls of old Kilmainham and the "Black Dog" are connected; and to them may be added a reminiscence or two of more modern date. The narratives will not be offensive to the taste or feelings of the most delicate or fastidious mind. The principal names will be the true ones, but, occasionally, a name will be either concealed or changed, without interference with the truth of the incidents.

About the month of February, 1743, a gentleman named James Vesey, who held a commission in the army, was returning to Dublin from a southern county, where he possessed a respectable landed property. He had with him upwards of eighteen hundred pounds in specie, and he was so unfortunate as to be stopped, near Castleknock, and robbed of the money, his watch and its appendages. The highwayman, who opened the door of the post-chaise, had a comrade, who kept at the horses' heads, and could not be recognised. After the crime had been perpetrated, the traveller proceeded on to Dublin, and apprised the authorities of his loss. A vigilant search terminated, after a few days, in the apprehension of two brothers,

named Martin and Sylvester Keogh. They were men of a sinister reputation, who resided near Rathcoole, and spent more money than they could be supposed to have acquired honestly, being the occupiers of a thatched house of humble dimensions, and a neglected farm of five or six acres. On being brought before a magistrate, Martin Keogh was fully identified by Mr. Vesey, as the man who, pistol in hand, opened the door of the chaise, and despoiled him of his property. Against the other there was no criminating evidence, and after a detention of a few days, he was discharged. The closest search after the money terminated unsuccessfully, not a guinea was to be found. Martin Keogh was committed for trial at the ensuing commission of *Oyer et Terminer* for the county of Dublin, and was there convicted of the robbery, on the positive and undoubtedly true testimony of Mr. Vesey. Sentence of death was passed; and the doomed felon became an occupant of the condemned cell in Old Kilmainham, from the dreary precincts of which he was to issue, at the end of twenty one days, to die upon the gallows. Mr. Vesey's leave of absence had been extended until the result of the trial left him free to proceed to England and join his regiment, and he departed from Dublin without any other satisfaction for his eighteen hundred pounds than what might be derived from the impending punishment of the delinquent. He had ample opportunity for seeing Martin Keogh during the preliminary proceedings and in the progress of the trial, and the features and figure of the highwayman remained indelibly impressed on his memory. Soon after Mr. Vesey's arrival in England, he proceeded to encounter the dangers and privations of protracted foreign service. He attained to the rank of captain, and his regiment formed a portion of "The terrible English column" on the memorable field of Fontenoy, the 11th day of May, 1745.

It would be foreign to the subject of "Old Prisons" to introduce here a description of the obstinate valour with which the English advanced, undismayed by the fire of the French artillery, and unbroken by the repeated charges of veteran troops, led by the most chivalrous of a gallant nobility. Their column was not broken until it was assailed by the Irish Brigade, who rushed on it with irresistible fury, shouting, "Remember Limerick and the faith of the Saxon." Then, penetrated and scattered, the column became a disorganized mass of fugitives, who were slaughtered in thousands by the impetuous Irish and exulting French. Captain Vesey remained on the field of battle. He had been wounded, almost simultaneously, by two balls, and received a blow from the butt of a musket, which reduced him to helpless insensibility.

Louis XV. was present at Fontenoy, and in the hour of victory displayed the only virtues which, in his character, were associated with many great vices. He was generous and humane, and at once directed that the wounded English should be treated with the same care that was bestowed on the French. Considerable numbers were conveyed to Lille, where surgical skill and the soothing attentions of religious communities and kind-hearted inhabitants effected numerous recoveries. Captain Vesey was soon convalescent. During his illness, several officers of the Irish Brigade for-

got that he was an enemy, but recollected that he was a gallant and suffering countryman, and from them he experienced the courtesy of gentlemen, and the sympathy of friends. Amongst them was the Count de St. Woostan, an officer in the regiment of Berwick, who was acting at Lille in a capacity similar to that of town-major in an English garrison. Being one evening at the count's quarters, the conversation turned on the various incidents of the battle in which they had been so recently engaged, and an officer remarked that Vesey owed his life, in all probability, to a private in Berwick's regiment, who procured assistance to convey him from the scene of carnage, whilst in a state of insensibility, and manifested the utmost anxiety for his preservation. This elicited a very natural remark from Vesey, that it was extraordinary the man had never afterwards approached him, either to evince an interest in his recovery or to claim any recompense for his services. On further enquiry, he ascertained that the soldier's name was Martin Vaughan, and that he was in the garrison of Lille. On the following day he proceeded, accompanied by the count, to seek out the man to whom his safety was ascribed, and found that he had been sent on escort duty, a short distance from the town. The count thereupon left directions for Martin Vaughan to present himself at his quarters, on a certain evening. The soldier attended accordingly, and was ushered into the presence of the count and Captain Vesey, the latter of whom felt inclined to distrust his own senses when he beheld Martin Keogh, whom he believed to have been for more than two years mouldering in a felon's grave. Suddenly, however, the idea occurred that a recognition might be irreparably injurious to the man who had rendered him such a material service. He felt at once that Keogh's escape, from the ignominious fate to which he had been doomed, was like an interposition of Providence, highly beneficial to both of them. He approached the man, and briefly expressed his thanks for the care to which he ascribed his safety. He then tendered him twenty *louis d'or*, but the gift was at once respectfully declined. The soldier appeared greatly agitated, and exclaimed, "No! Captain Vesey, not a penny of your money will I ever touch *again*." The count remarked this expression, and observed, "Why, Vaughan, it would appear that you have met the captain before."

"We have met," said the soldier; "he knows when and where—he will tell you what he knows, but he does not know all. Ye are two gentlemen, on whose honour I can rely, and I will tell all upon one condition."

"Excuse me," said the count, "my curiosity is not so intense as to make me desirous of a confidence in any matter disagreeable to Captain Vesey or to you either. You have been a good soldier in every respect since you entered the regiment. I have known you only in that capacity. I have no wish to be informed on any previous transaction."

"And I pledge you my hand and word," said Vesey, "that I shall never mention you, except as the man to whose humane exertions I am indebted for my life."

He extended his hand to the soldier, who respectfully kissed it, saying, "Let it be so, I am satisfied;" he then saluted the count and departed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]